

# The TATLER

Vol. CXXI. No. 1576.



London, September 9, 1931

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR  
TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

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London, September 9, 1931

POSTAGE: Inland 2d.; Canada and  
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Price One Shilling



MISS JEANETTE MACDONALD

MAKES HER BOW TO LONDON AT THE DOMINION THEATRE

A most attractive picture of a still more attractive lady, America's beautiful film and musical comedy star, who makes her London stage débüt at the Dominion Theatre on September 21 in a special variety programme. Miss Macdonald won her spurs in musical comedy in America long before she went on the films. She has a wonderful voice, which has survived even the ordeal of being "canned," as it was when she appeared in the opposite lead to Maurice Chevalier in "The Love Parade" film. Now we are to hear this voice in reality, and a great treat is in store for us. It was, curiously enough, at the Dominion Theatre that Maurice Chevalier appeared in person with such great success following the large measure of popularity he gained through "The Love Parade."

# The Letters of Eve



AT THE BICESTER SHOW: LADY JOAN AND LADY ANN VILLIERS  
AND MISS CLARE WALFORD

In one of the "grand stands" in Middleton Park for the Bicester Agricultural and Horse Show last week. Middleton is Lord Jersey's seat, and Lady Joan and Lady Ann Villiers are his two sisters. Lord Jersey was born in 1910 and succeeded in 1923. His mother is Lady Cynthia Slessor

WELL, my dear, we've been properly lit up this week. I don't mean in the colloquial sense, though the flood of illuminations is certainly very spirited. And it couldn't have been better timed. One is grateful for such a fine effort to relieve the prevailing gloom. It's this horrid feeling of suspense which is rather sick-making, still I suppose we shall know the worst soon.

In the meantime things are a bit quiet, though there have been one or two "first nights" to go to. *The Young Idea* is only a revival of course, but being a Cowardism, even if a very early one, lots of people were there to welcome it. Not the perpetrator, however, he being awfully busy at Drury Lane putting his *Cavalcade* through its final paces. All most secret and we aren't to know when the *première* is to be till we get a telegram, but according to prophecy our Noel has surpassed himself. What a pity my stock of superlatives is so threadbare.

\* \* \*

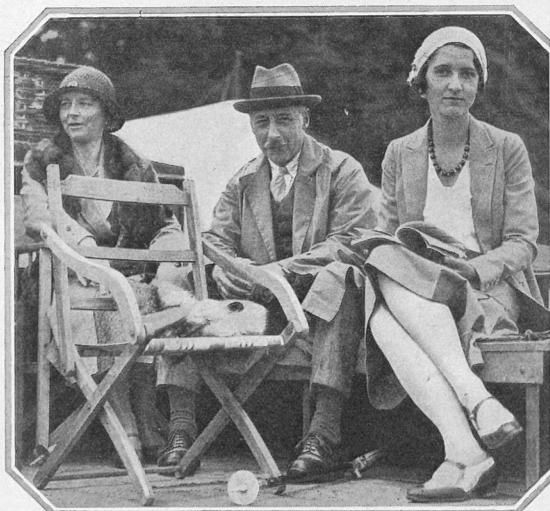
But I had started to tell you about the St. Martin's audience. Lady Headfort, with a silver band in her hair, looked nice. I was mildly surprised to see her up here at this time of year. Lady Colefax wore a

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.



AT EDEN ROC: MISS SONIA CONVERSE

A snapshot in the Riviera sun of a well-known cadet of the young brigade. Miss Sonia Converse, who has been staying in Cannes recently, is in a very strong position just now, for nature endowed her with lovely fair hair of that "platinum blonde" shade which so many people are dyeing for



AT THE BRECON SHOW: LORD AND LADY SWANSEA AND THE HON. URSLA VIVIAN

Taken whilst various intrepid people were doing the dangerous over the obstacles in the jumping contest at the recent Brecon Horse Show. The Hon. Ursula Vivian is the eldest of Lord and Lady Swansea's three daughters. The only son and heir was born only in 1925

peach-coloured jacket, and Dorothy Dickson was quite the young idea in white. The Woivodskys were there; she used to be Mrs. Denistoun. Mrs. James Howard hadn't brought her husband, as he preferred to go and shoot grouse at Gannechy with Mr. Morgan and Mr. Martin-Smith. Another stallite was Rowland Leigh, the lyricist, over for a short time from Berlin, where he has been writing the English parts for some of the Ufa talkies. He did practically all the *Wonder Bar* lyrics, I believe.

\* \* \*

Y

You don't expect nightclubs to be 'ticky exciting this time o' year,

but the one in Leicester Square will always do its best. Sure enough, going on from the theatre I found Prince Ali Khan having a grand party to celebrate his Lewes victory. His horse, Lights o' London, must have known that he had to be topical and shine last week or not at all. Anyhow it all seemed to have been the greatest success; Micky Bearly, one of the party, said so, John Bearly, the trainer, agreed, and when it was Joseph Coyne's turn he simply got up and sang "I Want to be Happy"—his old and good *No, No, Nanette* song; slightly superfluous, as he already seemed well content, but nevertheless his outburst was much appreciated, likewise many witticisms made during the evening, he being in tremendous form.

Before "Hutch" came on the scene for our entertainment the room was crowded. Fay Compton came in to listen, unchanged and enchanting, in a white hat. This had a huge diamond brooch in it containing a topaz, and on her hands were nice white gloves, and embroidered at that.

\* \* \*

It is always just as well to keep a sharp look-out in London, for one never knows when a curious and/or interesting sight is going to loom in view. I was passing the Rialto the other day and noticed a rather extraordinary party going into "Chemin du Paradis." The leader was wearing a Tirolean hat minus the feather, a big green Ledersesque coat, and one of those outstandingly blue ties of plaited wool which apparently only grow in Innsbruck, but have been transplanted over here in large quantities. The other young man was in fairly ordinary clothes, but had a similar tie and an autumn crocus in his buttonhole. The two young damsels who made up the quartette also wore floral decorations of a like nature and White Horse Inn hatting. Quite expecting to hear them yodel at the box office merchant I followed them in, but was most disappointed when an Oxford voice enquired if there were any one-and-tuppennies left.

\* \*

Soon afterwards I met Anton Dolin, author. His book isn't out yet, but it will be very shortly. It is called "Divertissement" and is mainly autobiographical.

Then I saw Teddy Brown, who really needs a paragraph to himself if only to favour the theory of relativity. He was seated very luxuriously in the back of a well sprung car while a feminine face peered in at each of the four windows. It is believed that



AT THE BATH SHOW: MRS. PHIPPS-HORNBY AND MRS. J. LIVINGSTONE-LEARMONTH

Bath is the last of the big shows of the year and is under the presidency of His Grace the Duke of Beaufort, M.F.H. Heavy rain rather damped things on the opening day, and there was consequently a smallish gallery. Mrs. Phipps-Hornby is the wife of the ex International polo player, Major G. H. Phipps-Hornby, who is very well known with the Blackmore Vale Hounds

About the two most cheerful people there were good-looking Brinsley Plunket and his attractive sister, Mrs. Smith. She goes by the name of "Mike," and is grand company, always having a joke to crack.

\* \* \*

My Irish correspondent is evidently finding things a bit flat after the festivities of the preceding weeks. At any rate he complains that all the visitors have returned to their native lairs, many of the "locals" are away, and that consequently racing at Phoenix Park was pretty dull, the few people there looking uninspired, if not downright bored.

The chief topic of conversation was the incident which occurred at the last meeting—the disqualification of a well-known English G.R.—and all the subsequent complications attendant thereon. Rumours flew. One was that after the race he and his lady friend were escorted to the gate between two officials, and everyone is wondering whether more will be heard of this.



AT AIX-LES-BAINS: LADY LEON, MR. EDWARD HUSKINSON, THE COMTESSE DE SALVERT, MRS. EDWARD HUSKINSON, AND CAPTAIN AND MRS. DENNIS LARKING

This group was taken at the Hôtel Splendide, Aix. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Huskinson, who are on their honeymoon, were married in London on August 24 and are spending the rest of it motoring up the valley of the Rhine. Mr. Huskinson is, of course, the Editor of this famous journal, and Mrs. Huskinson is the younger daughter of Sir Frederick and the late Lady Becker. Lady Leon is the wife of Sir George Leon, Bt. Captain Dennis Larking was British Naval Attaché in Rome from 1915 to 1919, and is a kinsman of Lord Listowel

\* \* \*

Sir John and Lady Arnott were as usual being extremely hospitable on their private stand, where they always have the most splendid tea for their friends. Lord and Lady Fingall, Lady Lambart and her son (who is just going up to Oxford), Captain and Mrs. Shirley, and "Ginger" Wellesley and his wife were doing it justice at one time or another during the afternoon.

Not much further news from those parts, except that Lady Milbanke is taking up racing seriously and has bought a horse. This doesn't sound as if she meant to cut too much of a dash to start with, but as her new purchase is being trained by Roderic More O'Ferrall it will probably do the right thing.

Oh, yes, there is another bit of information worth passing on.

(Continued overleaf)



AT KILRUDERRY: LADY MERIEL AND LADY MAUREEN BRABAZON

The two daughters of the Earl and Countess of Meath at the garden party at their father's seat given in honour of President Cosgrave. It was not the best of days for this sort of thing as it rained in prolonged patches

A certain very good-looking young woman, whose name has often been mentioned in Irish despatches, has decided to take unto herself a husband, much to the consternation of numbers of young men on both sides of the Channel. The lucky one, as a matter of fact, is English, very tall, charming, a Guardsman, and well known in the athletic world. It is not to be announced for some time, I am told, so I mustn't put you any wiser.

\* \* \*

Just imagine, my dear, going sunbathing at Weybridge—an impossible, you'll say, in this year of disgrace. Well, ask Lady Tiverton. She and her husband couldn't go far afield this year as Lord Tiverton is too busy learning to be a chartered accountant, so they've been sharing a house at Weybridge with Captain and Mrs. Hubert Preston. It appears that the sun has really shone there once or twice and it seemed a pity not to take advantage of any radiant heat that was going. At least that was the house-party's idea, but Mrs. Preston hates being done brown.

As regards this tanning process, Lord Castlerosse, unexpectedly back from his shack, looks very hearty.

\* \* \*

I dined at the Kasbek in Jermyn Street one night last week. It is a nice place, and I always have to order Chachlick just to see it arrive on a sword. It's a sort of very glorified mixed grill you know, and one has rice and chopped onions with it. Delicious!

The Cossack band was in marvellous form. Quite too hauntingly sad and savage my dear. Lady Gillford and her daughter, Miss Theodosia Meade, were applauding like anything. The latter was in cornflower-blue lace with sort of mock mittens to match. Rather amusing. They had Princess Lobanow Rostowski with them. The Princess, who is I fancy a sister-in-law of Olga Lady Egerton, used to own vast estates in South Russia. Now she is busy dress-designing in Paris.

Sir George Hastings was with a party which included Lady Ashmore. Lots of people hadn't changed, and it doesn't really matter whether one does or doesn't, the lighting is so kind. The Kasbek is a favourite luncheon haunt of Commander Oliver Locker-Lampson, and one often sees Violet, Duchess of Rutland, Lord Leverhulme, and Lucy Lady Erroll there, too. The Marquis de Chateaubrun who runs it, and incidentally looks most decorative in his Cossack outfit, used to be in the Russian Guard. After the revolution he joined the English Army, and did awfully well, getting an M.C. and so on.

## THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

The curtain rang up on *Grand Hotel* exactly ten days and three minutes late, but presumably even if the manager had postponed it till Oak Apple Day some people would still have been unpunctual, judging by the delinquents on Friday night. We happened to arrive rather early and were amused to hear Raymond Massey, that genius of a producer, giving late night final instructions to the stage hands behind the curtain before rushing off to dabble in yellow journalism.

The crowds both inside and out were terrific, and theatrical celebrities were going two a penny. Willy Clarkson, whose retirement will be regretted by everyone, always catches the eye easily. So did a lady next to me who kept on shouting, "That's Gerts, that is," pointing a very fat forefinger at Gertrude Lawrence looking "jagged with sophistication" in orange.

Hassard Short, probably one of London's most contented people at the moment, was admiring the Berlin scenery. The Bart Marshalls were there, and I was happy to see Irene Vanburgh in black with a lovely bunch of dark red roses. How marvellously young she still looks. Elizabeth Pollock towered above such comparatively small people as Dodie Smith of *Autumn Crocus* fame, Mr. Selfridge, and Rosalinde Fuller, the latter looking intriguingly exotic, while Diana Wynyard in filmy brown, and Margareta Scott in black, were two young stars shining on the staircases.

Ethel Mannin belongs to the "first night" brigade, and I also saw Sir John and Lady Lavery, Princess Antoine Bibesco, who has lately been deputising for Gerald Gould in "The Observer," Lady Portarlington, and Lord Inverclyde.

\* \* \*

Do you remember that wisp of news I sent you about the occupants of Lord Wemyss's house, Gosford? Well, I had hardly despatched it before I got a very apologetic letter from my informant admitting that he had crashed rather badly. To begin with, though Lord Wemyss *has* let Gosford in two portions he is *not* going to be there himself, and secondly it is Mr. and Lady Dorothy Charteris who are two of his tenants. I hate making misstatements, and this particular correspondent is going to get it in the neck.—Yours, EVE.

A caption sent in by the photographer subsequent to the group of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Wessel (which appears on p. 446) having gone to press, gives the names, left to right, as follows: The Hon. Primrose Yardle-Buller, Mr. T. W. Wessel, Mrs. Wessel, the Hon. Denise Yardle-Buller, Miss Freddie Wessel; and in front the Hon. Lydia Yardle-Buller



AT BEMBRIDGE REGATTA: BRIG.-GENERAL AND MRS. ASPINALL-OGLANDER AND BRIG.-GENERAL C. R. AND MISS JANE WOODROFFE Bembridge, like the rest of the world, caught the bad weather we had last week, and taking to the ocean in the small boats was not an unmixed joy. Brig.-General Aspinall-Oglander has a house, Nunwell Park, I.O.W., and Brig.-General Woodroffe is another Islander and is a member of The Squadron

# LIFE ON THE LIDO AND BIARRITZ SUN BATHERS



IN THE VENETIAN SUNSHINE

A group taken on the Excelsior Palace Hotel's private beach at the Lido. Included here are: Mr. Henry Channon, Lord Rosse, Sir Richard Sykes, Lord Weymouth, Mr. Hubert Duggan, Mr. Colin Davidson, and Lady Weymouth. Lord Rosse called in at this Venetian sun-trap after visiting Salzburg. Sir Richard Sykes owns Sledmere, where so many aristocrats of the equine world are born, and Mr. Duggan is Lady Curzon of Kedleston's son. Lady Weymouth always looks ravishingly pretty, whether sunburnt, as at present, or not



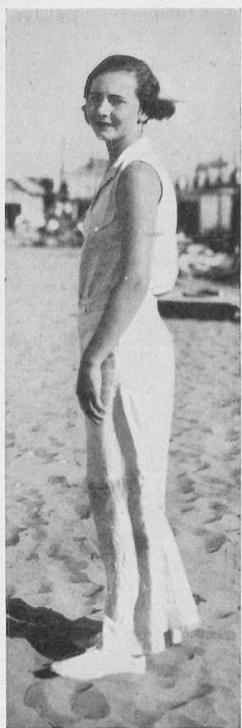
LADY GLENAPP PREPARES FOR A REST



AT BIARRITZ: SIR GEORGE AND LADY BETTESWORTH-PIGGOTT



ANOTHER LIDOITE: THE HON. MRS. FITZGERALD



THE HON. PATRICIA MACKAY

# The Cinema :

I REMEMBER an evening when, entering the studio of the B.C.C., I found the announcer with his head buried in the sofa-cushions. Lifting a tear-stained face he told me of an appalling thing, to wit, that he had just announced that the body of some foreign potentate, after being embalmed, would be deposited in the appropriate mausoleum. Only instead of pronouncing the word as you, readers, have just mentally pronounced it, he put the accent on the "o"! He explained that he had that afternoon been out with his wife buying linoleum, and that he had made the mispronunciation by association of sounds and through reading his paper with the eye instead of with the mind. Once let your attention stray, he said, and the wildest mispronunciations are possible. "Nonsense," I said firmly, and strode to the "mike," in front of which I proceeded with my accustomed modesty to lay down some theatrical law. But I too let my attention wander, and presently heard myself saying that the law in question was quite inexorable. A sentence or two later I heard the adjective come back to me from the ceiling, as it were, and I realized that I too had put the accent on the "o." Next day I had forty post cards from people saying that they had always maintained that that was the correct pronunciation!

"Very funny, but what has all this to do with the films?"—I can hear the reader asking. My answer is—quite a lot! The operative word, as Mr. Belloe would say in the foregoing, is

"linoleum"; for during a recent holiday in Scotland I had occasion to pass through a town where that charming textile is made. A Scotch friend who was with me in the car informed me about three miles from this town, which shall be nameless, that it was famous for its manufacture of scents and perfumes in which it had Coty, Morny, and eke Atkinson beaten to whatever is the Scotch for "frazzle." He bade me inhale as never before. Well, I inhaled, and at the corner of the first street that which smote upon my senses was not Attar of Roses or anything approaching it. "Quoodle knowses," said Mr. Chesterton, "only knowses the noselessness of man." I could indeed have wished at that moment for a greater quality of noselessness. It was many miles before I could wipe from my olfactory nerves the trivial fond record of that persistent, intricate, pungent, oily, glutinous stench—like treacle gone bad. There were

other respects, too, in which this struck me as being the grimiest town I have ever visited. The adjacent scenery was revolting in its featurelessness, unrelieved by so much as a slag-heap. The buildings were uniformly hideous, and over the whole place hung the air of there being nothing to do "ben the hoose," or whatever is the Scotch for out-of-doors. Joy, I felt, must be a quality unknown to that town since nothing could exist at which one could conceivably wave a sproan! And then I caught sight of a familiar poster proclaiming that Constance Bennett would that evening and throughout the week be seen in something which was postulated as the last word in intoxication. I am afraid I do not remember the exact title, but that which was caught by the tail of my eye read like *Flamingoes of Desire*. I passed through many such towns, possibly less repulsive in that they were odourless, and across the darkling sky of each Constance Bennett trailed her cometary glory. I happened to pass through Stirling, a lovely city by daytime. I arrived at nine-thirty-one in the evening after a long trek from St. Andrews and found that the pubs had closed at nine-thirty, an hour at which it is not possible for even a Scotchman to go to bed. The streets were full of larrikins at the most impressionable age whose most innocent employment for the remainder of the evening was to go to the nearest bridge and spit over it. It was then that I realized the inestimable boon of the cinema for those willing to take advantage of it, and how wrong those highbrows are who bleat against the cinema because as an instrument of culture it might be better than it is.

## Idle Thoughts of a Busy Fellow By JAMES AGATE

Quite seriously, I am prepared to defend the position that it is better that yokels and chaw-bacons in Scotland, England, or any other country should have a false notion of culture rather than none at all. I always like that story about the air of the American prairies being so fresh because in the Middle West the farmers sleep with their windows shut. Those gleaming coruscations in which Miss Bennett and her like appear will at least suggest to the country mind that in the polite world ladies weighing down their ears with diamonds the size of pigeons' eggs have previously washed behind them. Unless, of course, they belong to the school of that English musical-comedy and film star from whose recent beauty hints I cull the following: "Lots of people do not wash their faces, but it will not harm the skin in the least if you do wash it provided the water is soft and a good make of soap is used—but make sure no soap is left on."

More seriously, one wishes that there were some means of indicating to the unsophisticated mind that many films admirable in their entertainment value have really no sort of relation to any kind of life. One cannot deny that the American gangster-films are as likely to be true as not, because nothing in the film world can exceed the facts as recently set forth in Mr. Collinson Owen's book on Chicago thugdom. But how about English gangster-films? I have in mind *The Man They Couldn't Arrest* which I saw at the New Gallery just prior to sitting down to write this article.

Is it feasible that an English stock-broker (Mr. Nicholas Hannen) should be a leading spirit in the Black Pearl Gang whose chief (Mr. Robert Farquharson) is a villainously bearded compound of Lenin and King Herod? The hero (Mr. Hugh Wakefield) has invented an extraordinary instrument rather like the big drum at the Queen's Hall whereby and with the aid of various electrical devices he can listen-in to any conversation taking place anywhere. But where does the reader think that drum and those devices are situated? Why, in the very building in which, close to Sicilian Avenue, Bloomsbury, the most estimable, nay magnanimous firm of accountants which has ever existed protects me hourly from those hyenas and jackals who in the guise of Income Tax collectors pretend to serve their country! How often have I not in dejection toiled up those stairs and



IN "SON OF INDIA": MADGE EVANS AND RAMON NOVARRO

The new film, which is opening at the Empire, Leicester Square, on the 11th, has an Indian setting, into which Ramon Novarro fits quite admirably. Little Madge Evans made her début in the films as a baby of six, and her first big picture was in 1917

hopefully bounded down them! And I am asked to believe that across the landing and within earshot of the consolatory sanctum events happen at which Edgar Wallace would deem himself staggered! The one real person in the film is Mr. Gordon Harker, who has one of the super-best moments of a superb career. Ambushed in a thicket of holly Mr. Harker has seen murder committed. No sound emerges from his mouth opened in horror, but you see from his lips that he is trying to say "Blimy!" It only remains to add that the heroine is in love with the man whom she believes to have murdered her father. Shall she, or shall she not, surrender him to the police? This is a moral tit-bit over which Clytemnestra and Andromache, Cassandra, Electra, and all the other Greek hags would have wrangled themselves silly. But the heroine of this film does nothing of the sort. Instead she retires to her robes-apartment whence she emerges in a gown of white samite, mystic, wonderful. Or possibly it is only our old friend, satin beauté. Anyhow it is white and with yards of train which, when you come to think of it, is rum wear for mourning. On the whole, a very good film which was succeeded by a lesson on the niblick by Mr. Bobby Jones. This was so wildly dull that, insanely keen golfer though I am, I fled precipitately, unfortunately butting in the darkness into the stomach of an old gentleman of ninety-two whose use for golf-courses should be drawing to an end. I have said this film was dull, but that is perhaps because I know about niblick-play. If it had only been the half-shot with the No. 2 iron . . .

## THE (FOOT)LIGHTS O' LONDON



IN "COUNSEL'S OPINION": MISS ISABEL JEANS



AND ALSO: MR. OWEN NARES, MR. ALLAN AYNESWORTH, AND MR. MORTON SELTEN



"BLACK MAGIC": GILES (MR. FRANKLIN DYALL) AND MARY (MISS KATHLEEN O'REGAN)

"Counsel's Opinion," at the Strand, is as good fun as a highly-efficient cast can make it, and is all about a young barrister (Mr. Owen Nares), who is consulted by a pompous and extremely irate peer, Lord Mere (Mr. Allan Aynesworth), upon the pressing question of getting a divorce from his beautiful wife (Miss Isabel Jeans), who quite innocently has slept in a gentleman's (the counsel's) room over-night at an hotel. The counsel, by the way, most gallantly gave it up to her because the hotel was full up. The counsel sees himself being lagged as the correspondent. The Bar Council might perhaps have something to say to counsel who permitted himself to be approached by any other channel than the customary one, a solicitor; but this apart, Mr. Gilbert Wakefield's play is very entertaining. "Black Magic" at the Royalty is rather like Svengali and Trilby all over again with Mr. Franklin Dyall doing the hypnotising and Miss O'Regan the controlled performer.

Photos: Stage Photo Co.  
THE LOVELORN COUNSEL  
(MR. OWEN NARES)

# The Salmon Fish and His Ways

By "GUARDRAIL"

SINCE writing short brochures on grouse-driving and deer-stalking last year, I have received so many inquiries on the subject of salmon fishing that I have collected my observations as follows:

Salmon fishing is one of the few subjects on which everyone holds theories, but all theories are negative. That is to say, any fool can give you a reason for not catching fish, but no one can give you any reason why you should catch them or tell you how to do it. Fish will never take on a falling river, and probably not on a rising one. If it's doing neither they are "dour," or the water is too heavy. If it's not heavy it's black, and if it's not black there's thunder about; it's too late or too early in the year, the temperature is wrong, or the flies unsuitable. Mine is the only theory that will hold water. The fish you catch is one who, having fought his way through ten miles of nets in the sea and five in the river and then swum forty miles on an empty stomach, finds his girl friend has gone spawning with someone else. Tired, hungry, and a martyr to *cafard*, the urge for self-destruction is too strong, and he makes away with himself on the first lure that comes over him, no matter the size and colour, or whether the water is as black as your hat and just under boiling point. This is true of both sexes.

The object of the fisherman is to give as many of these suicidal fish as possible a chance of "dreeing their weird."

On the first morning at breakfast your host will probably make some such laconic remark as "She's about forty-five and likely to fall. You'd better take your chance." "But I should like to go fishing," I once heard an ingenuous youth reply, his face falling twelve holes at the drab prospect conjured up, and not realizing that the reference was to the temperature and state of the river.

You will probably be sent to the "Green Bank" or at least it is a shade of odds on it, for with true originality there is hardly a beat on any river in Scotland without a Green Bank pool. Hamish will be sent with you, a man who endeavours to give the impression that he has "swallowed the book" so far as salmon fishing is concerned and yet he has been a ghillie for forty years without even promotion to lance rank. His mission in life is to carry gaff, rods, waders, etc., from pool to pool, the boring intervals while you are fishing being filled in under the influence of a narcotic obtained by inhaling the fumes of burning hoof parings through a particularly septic pipe.

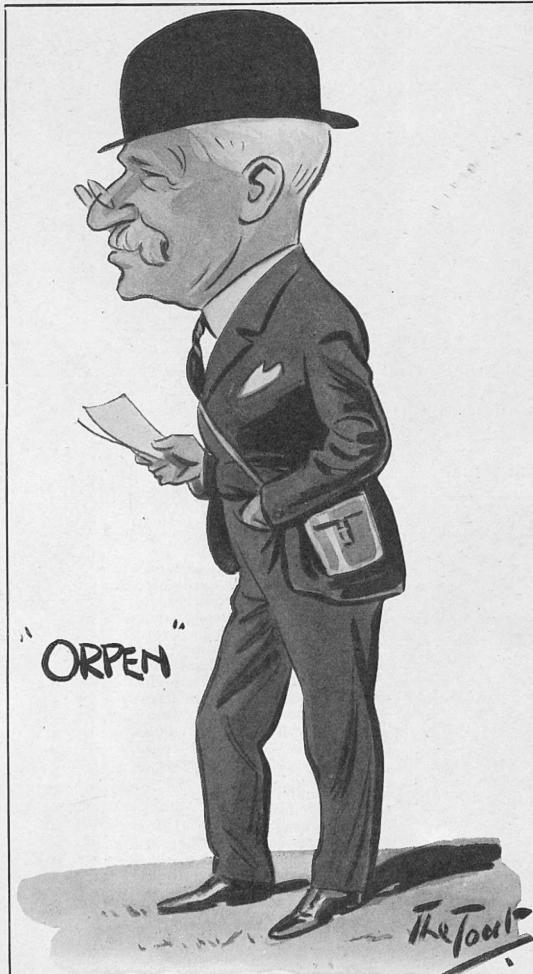
Possibly you will have to wade, and this is not always as easy as it sounds, for the bed of a river for roughness and unevenness is very little better than the one provided at the

lodge for you to toss about on during the hours of darkness. In some rivers the strength of the current is such that you should always keep sideways on to the stream as offering less resistance, but to those fitted with Hooper Sedanca bodies no golden rule can be quoted.

I can see in my mind's eye even now the lady, for whose hip measurement all the ointments advertised in the Sunday papers had been unavailing, inadvertently turning her full breadth to the current of the swift-running Spey. Breaking into a rapid walk she caught her toe, stumbled forward into a run, and by the time she passed her friend half a mile down she was doing level time with a bow wave like the *Empress of India* entering Southampton water, and still grasping the handle of her broken rod like an elongated running cork. Luckily she was signalled from the bridge at Carron, and hooked out with a "golden Devon" through the ruche of her waders just short of Boat of Garton. To revert to yourself, you will find in a very few strides that you have a rock to get over. Cautiously feeling your way, there comes a point when you realize that owing to the size of the rock you are on the verge of doing the "splits," and owing to the current you cannot get back. Meanwhile your fly has sunk and got caught up.

The casting of a salmon fly is an art which goes to the root of the whole matter, and it may be said that should you hear "smack" you have cracked your fly off into thin air, "snick" merely means you have broken it on a stone, while a jarring strain in the spine means you have hooked a tree or the bank.

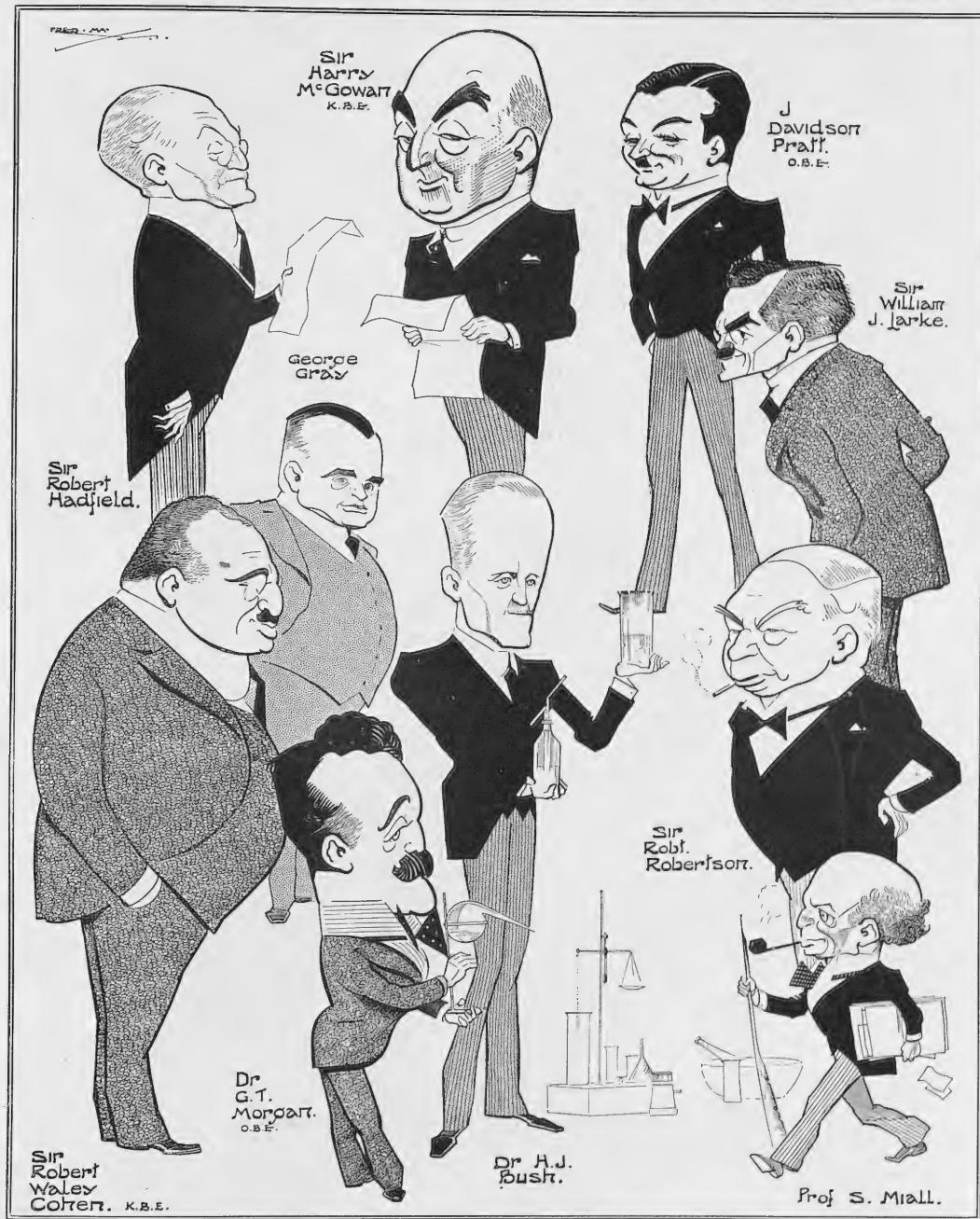
At the end of about four hours' fishing you will realize what your host meant by "a chance." It is the sort of "1,000 to 30 others" that even Slowburn would reach out over the rails to lay. Just as you realize this there is a pull, the last thing you were expecting, and the pull you inadvertently give in return causes a smother in the water and a fish going away with your fly and half your cast. Probably there is no form of blasphemy in any language which can in any way assuage your feelings at this moment. It is too irrevocable. Twenty yards farther down another pull and you are into him. Slipping and scrambling you reach the bank, only to find you are in a "kelt," a spawned fish. For the benefit of those who have not seen one I can best describe them as possessing the appearance, colour, and spurious scintillation of the younger artistic set. When, however, you get well and truly home in a good fish, what a feel it is! The rod is bent like a bow, the wind sings through the straining line which makes a "zipp" in the water as the fish runs, and who in the world would you change places with?



SIR JOHN RUTHERFORD

All his friends will hope that Sir John Rutherford is going to repeat his Leger success of 1925 with Solario with that horse's son, Orpen. In spite of his two lines to the speedy Amphion there is no doubt or question that Orpen, like his sire, gets over a distance of ground, and there are many who believe that he will reverse the Derby placings with Cameronian. Our racing correspondent is away killing salmon in the north, hence this fishy article

## THE SOCIETY OF CHEMICAL INDUSTRY



DISTINGUISHED PERSONALITIES—BY FRED MAY

This gallery of eminent persons was collected at the Jubilee Celebrations of the Society of Chemical Industry, which embraces every branch of chemical science. Sir Harry McGowan, who is President of the Society, was in the chair at the inaugural lunch of the Jubilee Celebrations, and conferences were held at the Guildhall, Hotel Victoria, and Great Central Hotel. Dr. H. J. Bush is Chairman of the British Chemical Plant Manufacturers' Association; Professor Morgan is Superintendent of Chemical Research Laboratory; Mr. George Gray, Chairman of the Chemical Engineering Group of the Society of Chemical Industry; Sir William Locke is, amongst other activities, Director of the National Federation of Iron and Steel Manufacturers; Sir Robert Robertson has been Government Chemist since 1921, and is the author of many learned treatises on chemistry and explosives; Sir Robert Hadfield is an acknowledged authority on metallurgy; and Sir Robert Waley Cohen is, amongst other things, Managing Director of the Shell Transport and Trading Company, Ltd., and the Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Company



H.M. THE QUEEN OF BELGIUM

From the portrait by Dr. Lassle

Queen Elizabeth of Belgium, quite apart from enjoying the entirely justly-earned reputation of being the most smartly turned out of all Royalties, is also one of the best beloved. Both H.M. and King Albert are held in as much esteem in their own realm as they are outside of it—and this is saying a very great deal

Perhaps, happily. A descent from the moral altitudes keeps us human, teaches us understanding, guards for us that most precious form of righteousness which is humility. The more popular figures in history have all been sinners under certain aspects. We can believe in a man or woman who is 20 per cent. sinful. We neither believe in, nor love, someone who has the reputation of having never erred. We are not very interested in moral perfection except in a stained-glass window or, peradventure, as an ideal to aim at, knowing full well that we can never attain it, and being more than content if we get half-way. Which is, perhaps, the reason why illustrations of saints always present us with a figure as utterly without character as a doll. There is no virtue in attaining anything without a struggle and, not the triumph, but the battle and the failure and the half-victory make character. Curiously enough, however, posterity always forgives the sinner those sins which in his lifetime were most decried, whereas it often condemns him for those sins which he committed which are not officially on any calendar of moral crime. Meanness, bigotry, persecution, cruelty, these sins rise up to confound the memory of a dead man when the more so-called moral delinquencies for which he was once condemned are later on accounted unto his memory as romance. Maybe this is because mankind knows within itself that the most deadly sins of all often masquerade as virtues or, at any rate, are not included in those official shortcomings which pave the way to hell. Unfortunately history too often fixes on the more venial "sins" to obscure every other purpose in life. And sometimes contemporary history as well. Who does not know the wretched man and woman who have been condemned for one isolated "lapse," as if those who condemn them were themselves impervious to all temptation? And as if the lapse must, *ipso facto*, cancel every fine purpose in a man's life. So that a great statesman, who has been divorced, can no longer manage the affairs of State, or a writer who has been the object of scandal should no longer be read. If there is usually one thing more childish than the world's adulation, it is the world's censure; since too often "huzzas" will follow merely a fanfare of trumpets and death be dealt out to the man who tells the truth. Indeed, it would often seem that only in death is a man given justice, and then only a long time after he has been dead. Death shows virtues and vices in their true perspective, and not always then. Take,

# With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

People we  
don't Believe  
in.

**N**obody believes in the 100 per cent. virtuous. A little falling-away from righteousness is very lovable. It is easy to attribute perfection to the saints. We only know them as legends, not in detail. Most of us, anyway, are saints on occasion. Very often, when we least realize that, we have touched divinity. Only we can't remain on that saintly pinnacle.

for example, the case of Nelson, of whom, by the way, Mr. Clennell Wilkinson has written another and very interesting life, "Nelson" (Harrap. 12s. 6d.). In the minds of quite a number of people, Nelson just means Lady Hamilton and a few naval battles, principally Trafalgar, but the battles a long way after Lady Hamilton. So that the impression is rather that of a life of unfortunate, but romantic scandal, punctuated by a few onslaughts against the French, a very famous message, and an equally famous monument. Happily, and most unusually, Mr. Wilkinson puts Lady Hamilton in her proper place in the scheme of Nelson's history; this place being a long way behind his naval career and the absorbing professional interests of his life. In fact, it is difficult to know quite why Lady Hamilton should always play such an important rôle in the Nelson story, since, if the truth must be told, she had no more influence on Nelson's life-ambition than had his wife. Indeed, if Nelson had been free to marry her, I don't believe we should hear much of Lady Hamilton at all—except as a very lovely figure which coarsened with the years. It is the illegality of the association which has brought her into prominence; whereas poor Lady Nelson has sunk into obscurity for no other fault of her own except that she was a very good wife for a sailor, keeping a warm welcome against her husband's return, and a home wherein at least he might find comfort and peace. In fact, anybody at all cognizant of human motives as they apply to human actions can quite easily believe that Lady Nelson loved him far more deeply and steadfastly than Lady Hamilton, in spite of the fact that after his death the lovely Emma, whenever she heard his name mentioned on the stage, faintly awoke with unfailing regularity. Happily, as I wrote above, Mr. Wilkinson puts both Lady Nelson and Lady Hamilton into their correct places in Nelson's life. His life belonged absolutely neither to the one nor the other, nor was centred around anything except his career. That alone was his life—the part which really mattered to him. The rest was merely the accompaniment to that song, as love must ever be, in spite of its pretensions, if existence is really to mean anything at all. So the book is, for the greater part, a study of Nelson's working life, his rise from being an obscure midshipman to being the hero of his country—one of the few heroes whose glory increases with the years. It is an interesting, a thrilling story. Quite as interesting and even more thrilling than the one which concentrates almost entirely on the domestic rumpus. For if you would know and understand the man Nelson, this is the part of his life which matters most. In it he lived himself, by himself; and there you have the whole essence of each man's inner sanctuary. The rest is so many by-paths which lead into the main road. Not that Clennell Wilkinson

(Cont. on p. 440)



GRAHAM SETON (LIEUT.-COLONEL G. S. HUTCHINSON) AND HIS SON

The author of "The W Plan," a great spy story of the war, snapshotted in his garden at Hillingdon. Colonel Hutchinson, who made our hair stand on end in "The W Plan," has now done another book which he calls "Footlogger," and it was launched by Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. on September 4

## A STRAIGHT TIP

By George Belcher, A.R.A.



"No; nobody I tell will believe it, but you can take it from me because I'm his confidential clerk"

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

avoids the Lady Nelson and Lady Hamilton episodes; only he treats them as episodes, important episodes, which nevertheless had no direct influence on the main currents of Nelson's career. And this is as it should be. For even Lady Hamilton was no sudden, overwhelming passion which swept aside all before it. One doubts, if Nelson had not been taken ill and had not been nursed by the lovely Emma, if their romance would ever have been born. At least, they knew each other for nearly three years without being lovers even in thought. Lady Hamilton was, however, on the spot. She was still lovely. Nelson had all the glory and the glamour which surrounds a national hero; and Lady Hamilton was a hero-worshipper of the first rank. Moreover, Nelson had all the human vulnerability of a man who needs affection rather than passion. We can quickly outgrow our passions, but our affections endure. For example, no merely passionate lover would have thought it possible to live peacefully and happily with both his wife and his mistress, nor be surprised and hurt when his wife turned down the proposal in horror. In fact, I often think that a good word might easily be said for Sir William Hamilton and the curious domestic arrangements at Merton. After all, he had certainly outgrown any passion he might have felt for his wife, whereas he had not outgrown his affection for her. And, as one grows older, one realizes that love does not begin and end only in a bed. Really, however, at least four very interesting stories might be written around Lord and Lady Nelson and Sir William and Lady Hamilton—their attitude to each other, the impression the other three must have made on each one in turn. Very cleverly does Mr. Clemen Wilkinson sketch in those usually shadowy figures, Lady Nelson and Sir William Hamilton, making them human and, if you fill in the gaps by your own experience of life and human nature, easy to understand. So that his book is as good and readable a life of Nelson as any I have come across. It has no new information to impart, but it arranges the already known in a way which makes the story of Nelson's life and of his love affairs assume a freshness which one had thought almost impossible at this time of day.

\* \* \*

**The "Ice" Woman Who Burst into Flames.** Naomi Atterly, the heroine of D. M. Locke's new novel, "Some Women Shouldn't Marry" (Nash and Grayson, 7s. 6d.), was one of those ice-cold women who are either loved desperately by anaemic men or murdered by full-blooded ones. As a girl she had been hailed as Britain's most beautiful blonde,

\* \* \*

**Seaside Resident:** All my nice men acquaintances have to go back from their holidays just after I've met them!

**More Sophisticated Friend:** Always pick those without a tan, dear—then you can be sure of a fortnight.

\* \* \*

and so, as almost any girl who has won a beauty competition can also win a husband or at least an engagement on the films, Naomi won Sir Adrian Rowan, K.C., a man old enough to be her father and also old enough to have lost what common sense he once had. She married him, but she refused him those *rights* which it is more "refayned" to refer to as *favours*. Nevertheless, she was interested in his career; simply because—although this is not actually stated, but it applies to so many ambitious wives—she could sail into the limelight on the wings of his triumph. Nevertheless, she still froze to his approach. Yet, when Bram Matheson, a flying instructor, crossed her path, she not only melted, but metaphorically burst into flames. Away she went up with him into the sky, but she came down to have a baby of whom Bram was indisputably the father. Almost immediately afterwards came the news of his death, and Naomi, unable to live without him, flew into the North Sea and crashed. Meanwhile, her husband, believing only the best, mourned her sincerely and then married his plain but sympathetic secretary, who was certainly no flyer but thoroughly dependable as a prop. This is a very readable novel, especially if your intellectual requirements be only for a good yarn, competently told, and are satisfied by that.

\* \* \*

## A Political Romance.

**B**ut don't let this description put you off reading May Sutherland's novel, "The Greater Kingdom" (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.). The political background is distinctly wobbly, the romance stands firm as a rock. Ardworth, Conservative candidate for Frenwick, falls passionately in love with Grace, the young wife of his elderly Labour opponent. Grace, however, tells him what she thinks of himself in her eyes, Ardworth plunges into a purely philanthropic career. Nevertheless, love still persists. To make matters worse, Grace returns his passion but prefers to remain with her husband. In desperation, therefore, Ardworth goes on a protracted tour of the East—praying for forgetfulness. But love is not thus easily killed—at least, not in novels. Moreover, when he returns to England he finds Grace a widow, standing for Parliament, however, in her husband's place. And alas! he too has been nominated in the Conservative cause. But can he oppose Grace? He cannot. Especially as it would seem as if he would be returned by a large majority. So he retires and fights for the victory of Grace. And Grace wins. Thus are we governed. Nevertheless, this is not all. The victory turns out to be a tragic one. Such love is like that.



## IN THE MIDLANDS



AT DERBY RACES: MRS. ROBERT SHERBROOKE



MRS. HUBERT LODER AND HER CHILDREN AND MISS B. CUNARD AT THE BICESTER SHOW



ADJUDICATING AT MIDDLETON PARK: LADY BLANCHE DOUGLAS AND MRS. MASSEY



AT DERBY RACES: LORD LICHFIELD AND LADY BETTY ANSON



LADY NOREEN BASS, AND (right) LADY LICHFIELD AND LORD ANSON



The Bicester Agricultural and Horse Show was one of last week's events. It was held at Lord Jersey's place, Middleton Park, and Mrs. Hubert Loder's children, Jean, David, and Gillian, found the various ring events very diverting. Lady Blanche Douglas, who was judging ladies' hunters with Mrs. Massey, also had this task at the Dublin Show. She usually has her own side saddle put on to each contestant in turn when trying them out. Among the "locals" who attended Derby races was Mrs. Robert Sherbrooke, whose husband, Major Sherbrooke, commands the Dépôt of the Sherwood Foresters at Derby. Lord and Lady Lichfield came over from Shugborough with their elder son and elder daughter, and Lady Noreen Bass was another well-known Midland personality present. Sir William Bass is now Joint Master of the Meynell with Sir Peter Farquhar. He has previously held this office, having assisted the late Mr. Gerald Hardy for one season before the War

# AIR EDDIES :

By  
OLIVER STEWART

## An Historic Occasion.

ON Saturday, the weather being suitable, there will be one of two things: either a first-class fiasco (if the French and Italians fail to appear) or a race which will stand far above all others in the annals of aeronautics and will, indeed, take a place in the wider scope of general European history. For it is unlikely that in the lifetime of the present generation there will ever be another contest of any kind—motor, horse, bicycle, boat, foot, dog, aeroplane, or seaplane of the magnitude of this year's air race for the Schneider Trophy. After that event it seems that we shall all be condemned to a lifetime's heavily-handicapped competition with the tax-gatherer; to an eternity of work without play or pay.

The race for the Schneider Trophy is probably the last affirmation of man's dwindling idealism. When it has disappeared there will never again be so huge an effort devoted to a purely academic result; there will never again be so vigorous a striving for the tremendous nothingness of a sporting victory. Nations, like human beings, grow old and solemn and dull, and then they turn away from the bright, polished playthings of idealism to the drab, drear articles of utilitarianism; from paintings to tooth paste, from cricket to canned food. No special racing seaplanes, no 2,000-h.p. toys will be produced in the future. Instead every machine will be of the charabanc type, built not to fly, but to fetch and carry. The day of the aeroplane as an aeroplane will then be over and there will survive only the mechanical hack.

There will, of course, be other air races, but they will be for pip-squeak aeroplanes of limited power or limited landing speeds or limited weight.

The giants will roar no more; there will never again be the one word SPEED set before designers, manufacturers, and pilots so that, with every national resource behind them, they may strive for that single objective. Let it be admitted that the Schneider Trophy race has become too big for a generation that must be nursed by Government officials and policemen from the cradle to the crematorium.

Great Britain's Part. It is to be noted, however, that Great Britain has done well in the recent Schneider Trophy Races. She has shown the fewest signs of fatigue, she has

stood up to all comers and produced the machines and the men on three successive occasions without quibbling; without squealing, even when tragedy—as this year—has overtaken her during preparations.

Italy also has fought well for the cup. While America found the pace too hot and was forced to give up, Italy continued year after year to enter and to build special machines. And her designers have produced some really remarkable high-speed aircraft; incorporating boldly original ideas which deserve better success than they had in 1927 and 1929. Italy comes next to Great Britain in the number

of times she has won the trophy. I write while it is still undecided whether she will be represented this year.

France has won the trophy only once—in 1913—when M. Prevost won the first race of all at an average speed of rather less than 46 m.p.h. France's appearance on Saturday is also in doubt at the time I am writing; but the latest reports are hopeful.

## Facts About the Race.

And now, for the benefit of those thousands who will watch it, it will be useful to give a few outstanding facts about the race. The trophy was given in 1913 by the late M. Jacques Schneider and has been raced for eleven times. Italy won in 1926, Great Britain

in 1927 and again in 1929. One more win for Great Britain gives her permanent possession of the trophy under the rules. The 1929 victory was achieved by the late Flying-Officer H. R. D. Waggon in a Supermarine Rolls-Royce S6 at a speed of 328'63 m.p.h.

General indications are that this year, if Great Britain again wins, the average speed will be about 350 m.p.h., perhaps less, while the world's speed record over the 3 kilometres course might go up to 375 m.p.h.

The course for the race is 350 kilometres or 217'49 land miles. It is over the Solent and Spithead, and will be marked by orange-coloured pylons at the turning points, two of the pylons being mounted on

(Continued on p. xvi)



MR. L. WHITTOCK  
Haldon School of Flying



MR. J. R. NEEP  
Nottingham Flying Club



MR. W. J. NUTHALL  
Hampshire Aero Club



MR. L. H. SUMMERFIELD  
Norfolk and Norwich Aero Club



MR. R. CRUICKSHANK HANDASYDE  
Brooklands School of Flying



MR. H. C. C. MACLEOD



CAPTAIN J. B. NORTON



MR. R. J. BARR

The three winners who tied for first place at the Leicestershire Aero Club

## PER TATLER AD ASTRA!

Readers Who Have Won Their Wings



*Olivia Wyndham*  
MISS S. A. R. TILNEY  
Hanworth Club



MR. D. WILSON  
Newcastle-on-Tyne A.C.



CAPTAIN R. HEARD  
Bucks, Berks and Oxon A.C.



MR. C. W. RICHARDSON  
Yorkshire Aero Club



*Janet Jevons*  
MISS E. M. JACKMAN  
Heston Air Park



MR. N. PLEDGER  
Northamptonshire A.C.



MR. R. B. BROCK  
London Aeroplane Club



MR. P. H. RAYNER  
Hull Aero Club



MR. F. D. PERRY  
Midland Aero Club



MR. A. G. T. JESSON  
Lancashire A.C.



*Turnbull*  
MR. M. E. HILLACRE-  
RICHARDS  
Blackpool and Fylde A.C.



SUB.-LT. J. PRICE, R.N.  
Royal Aircraft Estab. Aero Club



MR. K. B. LALONDE  
Bristol and Wessex Aero Club



MR. N. P. ANSONE  
Southern Aero Club



MR. A. J. S. MORRIS  
Cinque Ports Flying Club



MR. H. G. NELSON  
Liverpool and District  
Aero Club



*R. W. Brown*

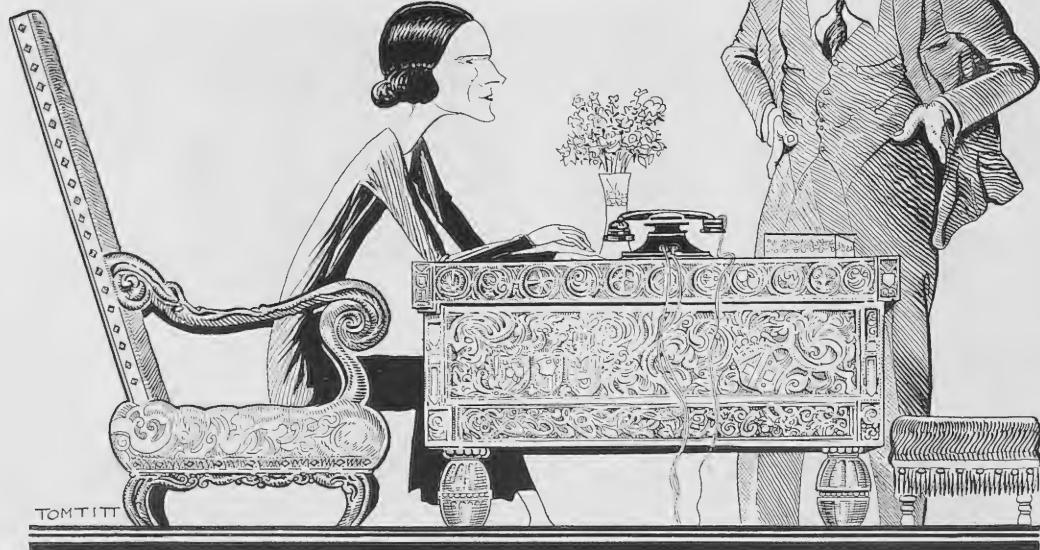
MR. R. W. BROWN  
Bristol and Wessex Aero Club



*Shaw Wildman*  
MR. W. G. BATTERSBY  
De Havilland School of Flying,  
Hatfield

# THE PASSING SHOWS

*"Frightened Lady," at Wyndham's Theatre*



THE MYSTERIOUS MOTHER AND THE INQUISITIVE DETECTIVE

Lady Lebanon (Miss Cathleen Nesbitt), obsessed by pride of race and heraldic quarterings dating from the Crusades, impedes Chief Inspector Tanner (Mr. W. Cronin Wilson) in the proper execution of his duty



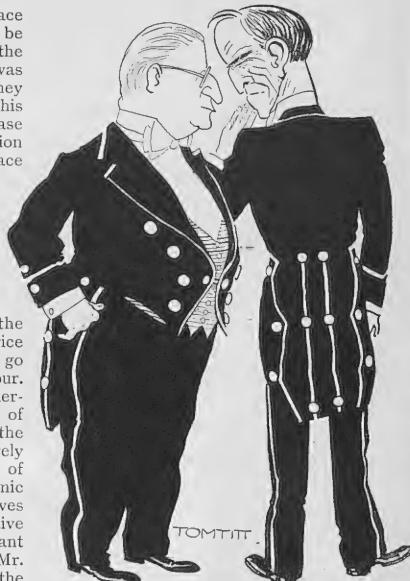
THE FAMILY BUTLER

Kelver (Mr. Julian Royce) decides that notorious murder mysteries are distasteful to professional pride

**I**T would never surprise me to learn that Mr. Edgar Wallace was Scotland Yard—a staggering fact which might not be disclosed till after his decease, for if the old lags and the ticket-of-leave gentlemen got to know that their Edgar was the power behind the scenes goodness knows what felonies they would compound in the hope of being summoned into his august presence. The only consolation for the sudden increase in crime that this discovery might produce would be the provision of sufficient material for thrillers to ensure an Edgar Wallace first-night at least once a quarter.

In *Frightened Lady* Mr. Wallace puts everybody at their ease by setting his first scene at the Yard. How many of us have ever penetrated farther into its fastnesses than the inquiry office for lost umbrellas? Hardly one per cent., and yet the moment we found ourselves in Chief Inspector Tanner's office we got that home-from-home feeling which the stage version of the Bastille can never inspire. Mr. Wallace has given us the "Open Sesame" to the Yard, which is now on a par with one of Miss Beatrice Grimshaw's South Sea Islands. It is not necessary to go there to get the atmosphere; imagination is its own Cook's tour.

If we can believe our favourite hot-gospeller of the underworld, crime down Whitehall way is taken with a pinch of humour, public school boys make excellent sergeants of the C.I.D. (that's the War, that was), and subordinates are positively encouraged to saucé their superiors. For this relaxation of discipline much thanks; for it not only supplies the comic relief to an evening of tension rather than thrills, but gives Mr. Gordon Harker, as an impudent Cockney Detective Sergeant, a part after his own heart and ours. As Sergeant Totty, promoted for bravery rather than book-learning, Mr. Harker has never employed the lean under-hung visage, the sardonic eye and immaculate Cockney accent to riper advantage. Ours was to sit and chuckle at his back-answers, not to reason why the Yard should tolerate a confirmed humorist who sat on his superior's desk smoking cigarettes, talked thieves' slang down the telephone, pointed to one medal on his watch-chain as the "Blue Riband of the Darting World," and was gloriously uncertain whether Queen Elizabeth died in 1066 or 1815.



"IF THEY'RE FOOTMEN I'M GRETA GARBO"

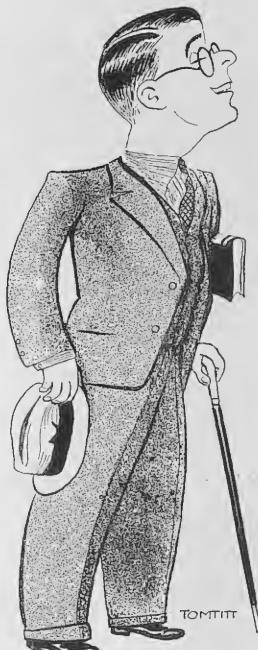
Thus does Detective Sergeant Totty sum up those inscrutable American bosses, Brooks (Mr. Finlay Currie) and Gilder (Mr. Percy Parsons), who dominate the ancestral home of the Lebanons

Mr. W. Cronin-Wilson as Inspector Tanner did something to restore credibility and discipline, although an air of pleasant improbability hovered over the blackboard on which Sergeant Totty tried his powers of comic draughtsmanship and the lecture-class of young constables, one of whom had the temerity to

much chocolate under the eyes of authority. Totty, confiscating this contraband, consumed it himself and so the fun prospered, the while we realized how astutely all this by-play and local colour were being employed to develop the unsolved mystery of Marks Priory. An ex-forger had already been interviewed in our presence concerning the murder of a chauffeur in the grounds on his way home from a fancy-dress ball in the village. The victim had been strangled by means of a small piece of red cloth, and we note that he was wearing Indian costume at the time.

The next visitor is the young Lord Lebanon himself, a queer, eccentric, namby-pamby young man who complains vaguely of maternal

grimly played by Miss Cathleen Nesbitt with the icy, inhuman air (one might almost say Frigidaire) of a Lady Macbeth directly descended from the Borgias, turning a cold and calculating eye on murder, and obsessed with the gules and cinquefoils of her family, whose history is older than England, and whose line must never, never die out. There is Kelver, the family butler (Mr. Julian Royce), a paragon of decorum, and therefore just as likely as not to turn out to be a homicidal maniac. There are two American footmen, as nifty a pair of tough guys as ever fired a gun from a trouser pocket. How is it that Lady Lebanon tolerates their insolence? Why do they shadow her son wherever he goes, dope his whisky, and generally behave more like crooks than servants? What power has her ladyship over the weakling who signs blank cheques at her behest and goes to bed when ordered like a child? And finally,

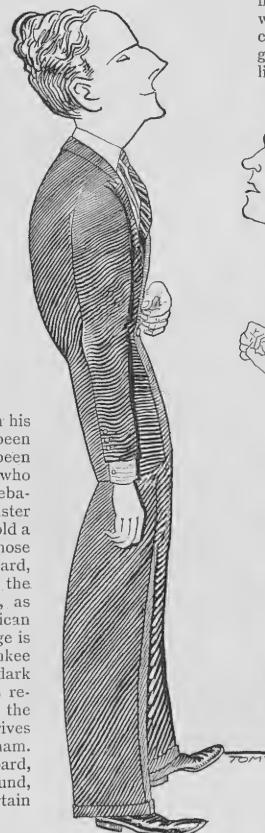


"SHE'S A NICE GIRL BUT ODD—VERY ODD"

Lord Lebanon (Mr. Emlyn Williams), queer, highbrow, and under mother's thumb, drops into Scotland Yard, shadowed by one of the mysterious American footmen, and chats about his fiancee—the Frightened Lady—and other dark secrets of his ancestral home

domination and strange goings on in his family mansion. His lordship has been soldiering in India, fallen ill, and been escorted home by a Dr. Amersham, who appears to have his mother, Lady Lebanon, under some secret and sinister control. Lebanon says he could unfold a dark tale or two about this doctor, whose murky past in India is known to the Yard, but will the inspector kindly open the door in case he is being shadowed, as usual, by one of his mother's American footmen. Sure enough in the passage is the eavesdropper, an ominous Yankee whom one would hate to meet on a dark night in Chicago. While Tanner is regaling the class with a lecture on the affair at Marks Priory a telegram arrives announcing the murder of Dr. Amersham. Totty's red chalk mark on the blackboard, indicating where the body was found, makes a capital climax, and the curtain falls in a buzz of expectation.

So far so good, and beyond that even better. The atmosphere of the home of the Lebanons is terrifically ancestral and foreboding. Clues are discreetly flung about, the scent shifts, the mystery deepens, and the guess-who-did-it game never looks too easy. Possible suspects abound. There is Lady Lebanon herself,



IN LOVE WITH "THE FRIGHTENED LADY"

Scotland Yard's well-bred Detective-Sergeant (Mr. Harold Warrender) reassures Lady Lebanon's terror-stricken ward (Miss Joyce Kennedy), who walks in her sleep with a dramatic effect and a nightgown which Lady Macbeth herself might envy



THE YARD'S RAY OF SUNSHINE

Sergeant Totty (Mr. Gordon Harker), the Cockney sleuth, whose change of voice in the presence of the aristocracy is as entertaining as his playful insubordination to his superiors. A gem of an actor in the gem of a part

if one excludes Sergeant Totty (although he does look more like an old lag than a police officer) there is the Frightened Lady herself (Miss Joyce Kennedy), Lady Lebanon's ward, who walks in her sleep, knows something about the murders, and faces her forced marriage to young Lebanon with cold shivers of terror.

At this point I must leave the matter between the reader and the box-office. I envy him or her the pleasure of solving the mystery of the hidden room, those crimson strips of calico, and the sliding panel in the Lord's Room, whence the Frightened Lady was spirited in a state of somnambulatory trance at dead of night by the cooing, inscrutable Gilder (Mr. Percy Parsons) and the plump, monosyllabic Brooks (Mr. Finlay Currie), and, most of all, the big surprise which writes a logical Finis to the last scene in which Mr. Emlyn Williams, playing with uncanny force, elevated the hairs of my head to a perpendicular position. I willingly exchange my scalp for such inspired surgery. This nicely balanced mixture of wise-cracks, atmosphere, and suspense is admirably staged and produced by the author, and acted to perfection by a company whose team-work is only equalled by their individual talents.

"TRINCULO."



AT CHIBERTA, BIARRITZ: H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AND LADY VICTOR PAGET

ON THE BAY OF BISCAY  
OH!—AND ELSEWHERE



MRS. O'MALLEY-KEYES AND CHARLIE CHAPLIN

ALSO AT MONTE CARLO: MRS. J. BYRON FRYE  
AND COMMANDER WOODHALL, R.N.AT MONTE: MR. AND MRS. THEODORE WESSEL AND THE HON. MRS. LOEL GUINNESS,  
THE HON. DENISE, THE HON. LYDIA, AND THE HON. PRIMROSE YARDE-BULLER

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who is said to be coming over to England from Biarritz to see the race for the Schneider Trophy on the 12th, was at the Chiberta Country Club when the above snapshot was taken. Later H.R.H. will be joined by his brother, H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, when he has reached the convalescent stage after his recent operation for appendicitis. Lady Victor Paget, who is also in the picture (above), is a daughter of Lord Colebrooke. Lord Victor Paget is a brother of the Marquess of Anglesey. Charlie Chaplin, who is likewise basking in the Biscay sun, is with the wife of an ex-Master of the Blazers, Colonel O'Malley-Keyes, who, when he had them, did his best to re-create the old "Charles O'Malley" atmosphere and succeeded in no small measure, but the tax-gatherer is always rather a damper on any endeavour like that. Mrs. Theodore Wessel was formerly Lady Churston. The late Lord Churston died in 1930. Mrs. Wessel is with her four daughters, the eldest of whom married

Mr. Loel Guinness in 1927

## LADY MILBANKE AT MULLABODEN



WITH HER SONS, LORD LOUGHBOROUGH AND THE HON. PETER ST. CLAIR-ERSKINE



A PRESENT FOR A GOOD SITTER

*Photographs by Poole, Dublin*

These photographs of Sir John Milbanke's wife were taken at the family place, which is in County Kildare, not far from the famous Punchestown race-course. Lord Loughborough and his brother Peter are Lady Milbanke's sons by her first marriage. They both go hunting when they get the chance, and ride particularly well. Sir John Milbanke, who answers to the name of "Buffles" among his friends, is also known, in less exclusive circles, as the Boxing Baronet, having a considerable fondness for this strenuous sport.



ALL FRIENDS HERE: LADY MILBANKE AND HER DOGS

## PRISCILLA IN PARIS



"OSORIA" IN PARIS

Osoria is a lovely Spaniard whose dancing has captured the wayward fancy of the Parisian critics. She has had a terrific success in the Argentine Revue which is an American "wow" at the Palace Theatre

Très Cher,— When one is an habitual burbler — such as I—one becomes extremely diffident about settling down, in a space devoted to burbling such as this, any deeply moving event. Thus it is that, for several weeks now, I have been unable to find any words with which to tell you of the grief we feel at the passing away of Herbert Clarke, a very dear member of the British Colony in Paris, who died in the early days of August, after a tragically short illness. I can't "tell" you now . . . this is just a clumsy blurt out of what was to his innumerable friends the saddest news that

could possibly come to them. He died at "Greystones," the peaceful country house not far from Paris that he and his wife had made so beautiful; adding year after year, with the loving touch of real home makers, improvements to a house and garden that was deemed, by every visitor who came, saw, and was conquered, already perfect. It was an English garden. Nothing formal. Old trees, a moss-grown well, a gleaming lawn, a riot of blossoms. . . . Last time I was there, the most luscious strawberries were ripe, and he teased me because they made me so greedy. . . . Such a short while ago it seems. . . . He was so human, so full of fun.

At his printing works in Paris his staff—almost entirely French—is inconsolable. At these works (the place is historical, Marivaux was printed there in the eighteenth century) Herbert Clarke made his printer's débüt just over a quarter of a century ago. Under his reign the Imprimerie Vendôme was the rendezvous of all the well-known English and American journalists and writers who passed through, or lived in, Paris. His wife and helpmate and constant companion, to whom he was married in 1904, is Moma Clarke, Paris and Fashion correspondent to so many important British and American periodicals and "dailies," and the author of several charming and descriptive books on Paris: "French Cameos," "Paris in a Nutshell," . . . "Paris Waits." . . .

She and her husband were inseparable . . . but I can say no more . . . every word I write seems to me a mountaintop of clumsiness.

I have been spending a few days in Paris getting clothes preparatory to a round of country visits to my new relatives . . . and very nice too, the relative just as much as the clothes, for I have had the immense luck to marry "into" a most delightful family of cousins. Cousins are usually, I think, the nicest of relatives. Not too close to be domineering, and yet close enough to be interesting and interested.

My holidays this year have been somewhat "here-and-everywhere," and I have found a pile of letters waiting for me in Paris that a perplexed *concierge* had been unable to

forward. From all parts the outcry against the weather is the same, and yet most letters finish up with: "though in our part of the world it is not quite so bad as in some places"! Strange vanity that, of boasting about the weather which one can no more help (the weather I mean) than having curly hair (though in these days of permanent waving . . . !) or a hunched back! Still we all do it, I know that I am a most guilty offender when I am on my island, and one's excuse is that one really believes what one says!

I hear from Bidart that Spinelly has gone for a motoring trip through Spain (to me, motoring in Spain means stray dogs and fleas), before buckling down to work for the "talkies." Delysia and her husband have been motoring along the Silver Coast, stopping off at Hossegar for a picnic or so with Marcel Boulestin, the chap wot writes "eats" and provides "eats" for them as can afford it. He has a charming home in that part of the world. Lake. Pine trees. Fishing, boating, swimming, and all the rest of the heavenly pastimes that go to make a perfect holiday, especially when "Robin" (Adair) is there to wax eloquent with the shaker!

Chaliapine is at Biarritz with his lovely daughters, leading the calm life of a patriarch . . . well, a calm patriarch, not the G. B. Stern kind. At St. Jean de Luz the famous violinist, Noella Cousin, is acquiring a coat of tan that will enhance the beauty of her very beautiful arms . . . (have you ever known a woman fiddler with ugly arms? I haven't). At Cannes the new night club that is got up to represent a low haunt on the harbour at Marseilles is crowded every night. Strange what a kick *le beau monde* gets out of drinking champagne out of clumsy tumblers and listening to accordion players in lieu of orchestra. On the opening night a company of dancers—the thirty-six Paramount girls—were expected, but their auto-car lost its way in a fog, and they spent most of the night in the open shivering in their dancing frocks and their wraps. Seems as if the *midi* has its cold moments and its little fogs also, what? With love, Très Cher—PRISCILLA.



AT THE LIDO: MISS JOAN KEENE

Miss Joan Keene is the daughter of the American Consul-General in Paris and a dancing enthusiast who has waived all social prejudice and made some successful appearances in public

SEA AIR AND  
FILM STARS

JUDITH WOOD: SOME SUN AND SEA AIR

If all the accounts of what film folk have to go through in the studios are correct, they must need all the antidotes anyone can afford to give them. All these charming pictures, full of sun and sea air, were taken at and off Santa Monica, Hollywood's best beach, which seems to be in perpetual occupation by all the most attractive sea-sprites, and to be where a camera cannot click without collecting a dream of loveliness. Judith Wood is a Paramount blonde; Frances Dee has been Maurice Chevalier's leading lady in "The Playboy of Paris"; and Mitzi Green, Hollywood's and the world's attractive child-wonder, has been recently in a film called "Skippy." Joan Blondell is one of the First National's most decorative "corps d'élite."



OFF SANTA MONICA: FRANCES DEE AND MITZI GREEN



ON THE ROCKS: JOAN BLONDELL

## GREAT DOINGS AT LORD LONDONDERRY'S IRISH HOME



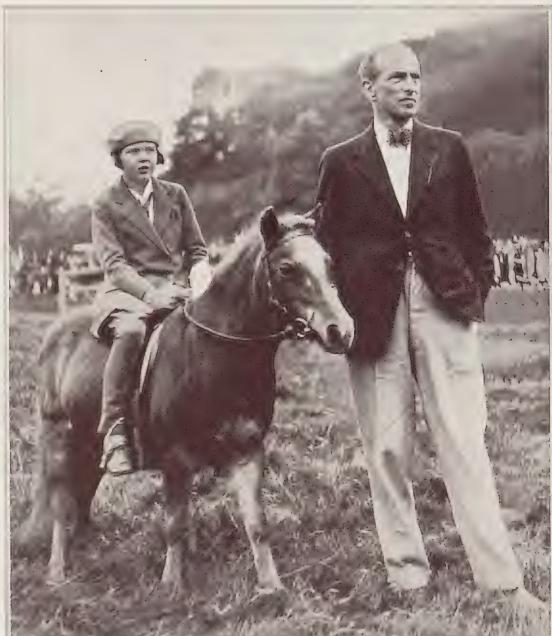
EMINENT "VICTORIANS": PRINCE ALONZO DE BOURBON ORLEANS AND MRS. RENNIE-O'MAHONY



ALSO IN THE PERIOD DRESS PARADE: THE HON. HELEN WARD, SIGNORINA ASABEL ODDI BAGLIONI, MISS HURST, AND MISS SHEILA PHILIPPS



LORD LONDONDERRY, CAPTAIN H. DIXON, M.P., AND MRS. MURRAY-SMITH WATCHING THE JUMPING



THE MARQUIS A. PALLAVICINI WITH MISS CATHERINE STANLEY, WHO TOOK PART IN THE PONY SPORTS

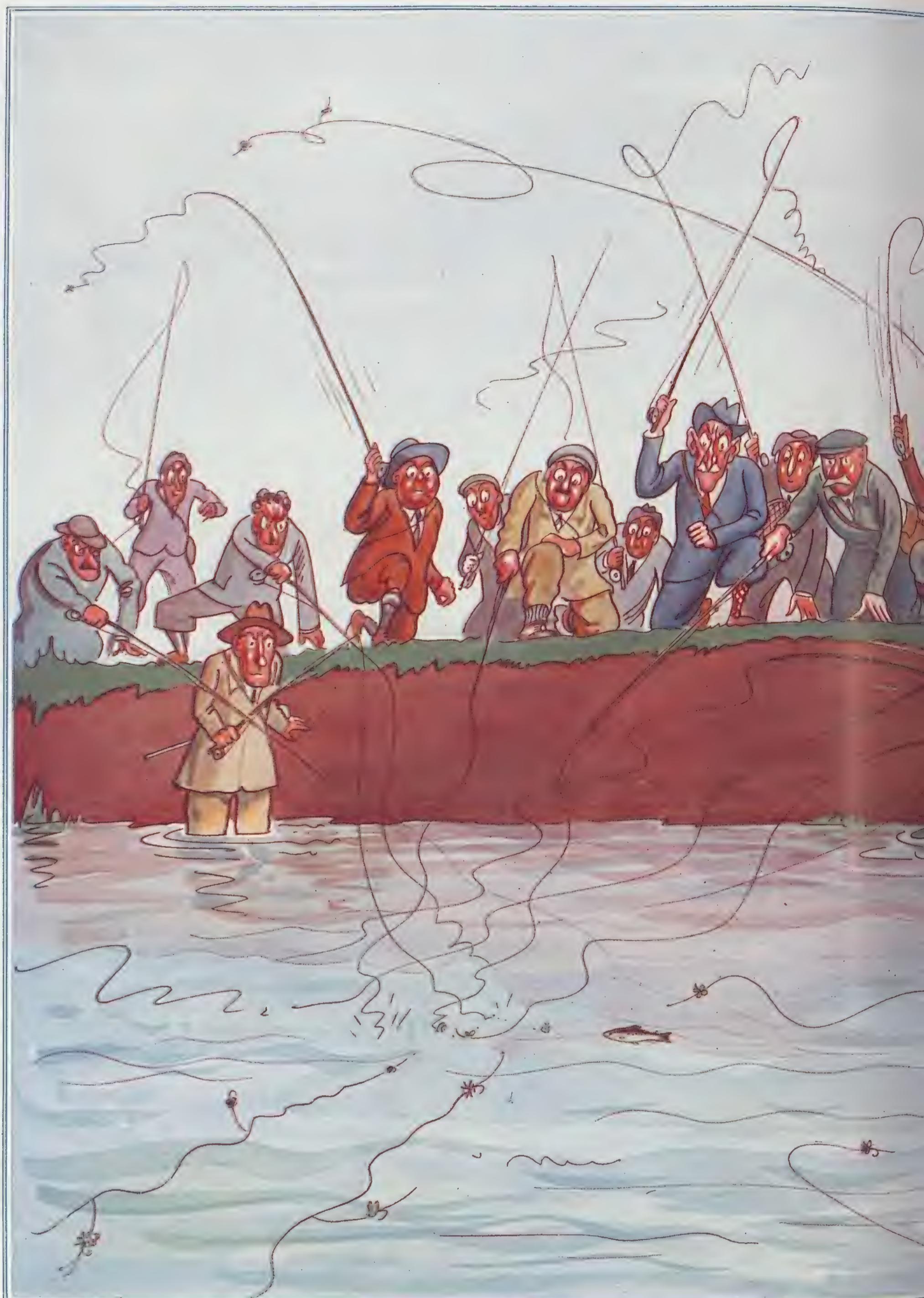
*Photographs by Poole, Dublin*

A particularly successful fête was held recently at Mount Stewart in aid of the Unionist Headquarters and Queen's Institute District Nursing funds. One unusual item was a period dress parade, in which members of Lord and Lady Londonderry's house-party took part. The outfit were genuine antiques, and made a brave show. In the group above Lord Bangor's daughter is wearing a George III frock, Signorina Baglioni a walking dress of 1895, Miss Hurst an 1840 crinoline, and Miss Philipp an 1870 disguise. There was a Victorian sports episode in which Prince Alonzo de Bourbon Orléans featured. H.H. is engaged to the Infanta Beatriz, who, with her sister judged the children's jumping competition, which formed part of the day's programme. Little Miss Stanley is a granddaughter of the house, and Captain Herbert Dixon is Chief Unionist Whip in the Northern Ireland Parliament.



THE MOONLIT ROAD

*By J. W. Schofield, R.I.*



THE LAST

By H. M.

A limited number of specially printed and mounted copies of the above picture can be obtained from the



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## SCOTTISH AND ENGLISH GATHERINGS



*Wilson Laing*  
THE DOWAGER LADY AIRLIE  
AT A HIGHLAND GATHERING



*Mitchell Laing*  
ALSO UP NORTH: MRS. BINGHAM, MRS. MORTON CAMPBELL, MRS. REYNOLDS, MRS. MORGAN,  
MR. HUGH CAMPBELL, MRS. CAMPBELL, JUDGE BINGHAM, AND MR. W. SHAW ADAMSON



MR. AND MRS. BOSWALL-PRESTON WITH  
CAPTAIN HOME-RIGG (centre) AT GATWICK



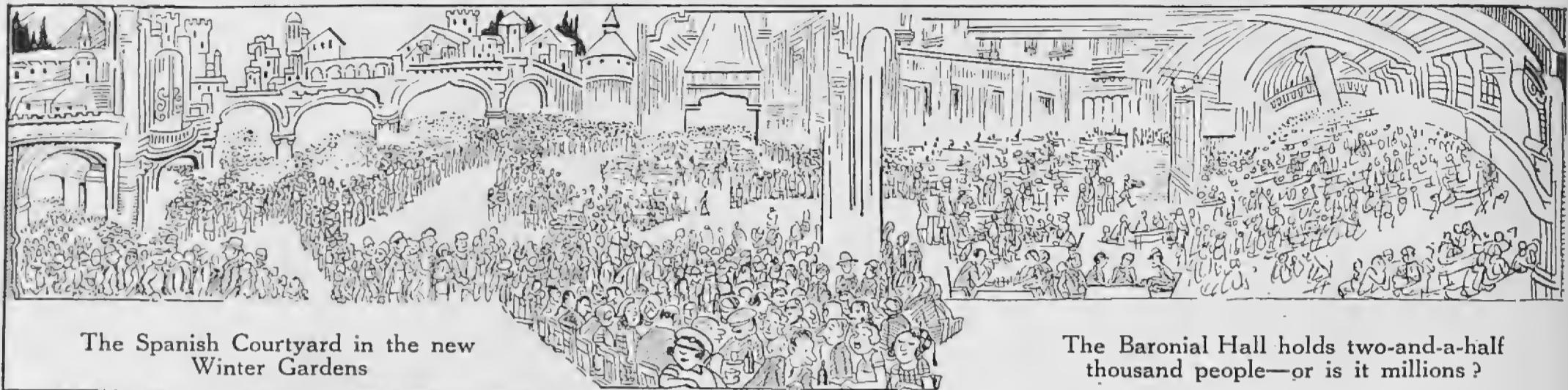
ALSO RACING: LADY CHESHAM  
AND CAPTAIN TOMMY GRAVES



MRS. M. HARTIGAN, MR. M. HARTIGAN,  
AND MR. G. F. X. HARTIGAN AT GATWICK

Scottish cameras are being kept busy just now recording the activities of distinguished visitors. The Dowager Lady Airlie, who attended the Glenisla Gathering, is one of Her Majesty's Ladies-in-Waiting. Many people half her age envy her wonderfully upright carriage. The large group was taken at Kinnaird Castle, Angus, when sheep-dog trials were afoot. Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Campbell brought a large party from Stracathro, among their guests being Judge Bingham and his wife, who come from Kentucky. Below are patrons of Gatwick's August Meeting. Mrs. Boswall-Preston had a runner in the opening event, and Mr. G. F. X. Hartigan's colours were carried by The Nib, a half-brother of Mrs. Michael Hartigan's Cambridgeshire winner, The Pen. Captain Tommy Graves and Lady Chesham evidently had a good day. The former was hunting with the Whaddon last season, which was a sad loss to Leicestershire

## THE BABYLON OF THE NORTH: BLACKPOOL, THE



The Spanish Courtyard in the new Winter Gardens

The Baronial Hall holds two-and-a-half thousand people—or is it millions?



On with the Dance in the Colossal Empress Ballroom in the Winter Garden, which boasts among its attractions an Opera House, a Floral Hall, an Indian Lounge, a Grand Pavilion for Film-fans, a Refreshment Lounge disguised as part of a Spanish Galleon, another Restaurant in the Italian Renaissance manner, and goodness knows what else

TOM TIT

(Below)—Fiesta ends in Siesta, being an impression of the orgy of amusement, which begins bright and early and ends in a blissful state of exhaustion after midnight

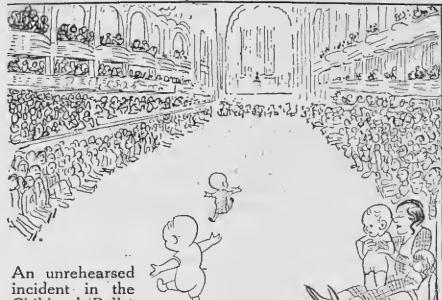


(Left)—A few facial close-ups from the Indian Village in the Tower, famous for its Circus



"See Blackpool and die" is a motto which might well be carved on the heart of every true holiday-maker up North. No description of this vast Fun-Fair, with its beaches black with humanity, its piers, palaces, theatres, dance-halls, and shops, can convey an accurate impression of Blackpool as it is in the holiday season. Hundreds of excursion trains and motor coaches disgorge their loads of pleasure-seekers daily. In this Babylon of mass-produced pleasure for the multitude entertainment is planned on the grand scale, and the fare provided is as good as the air which keeps the bean-feasters on their feet from morning till night. Every minute is spent on amusement, and money burns feverishly down to the last florin

## WONDER-CITY OF NON-STOP PLEASURE BY THE SEA



An unrehearsed incident in the Children's Ballet at the Tower



The Tower Circus—The arena is amphibious, becoming a huge lake in a few minutes. The programme sketched here includes Max, Moritz, and Alka, the chimpanzee film stars; ten lions, one a wrestler; forty highly-trained horses; a host of Vaudeville stars; and, by way of a grand finale, a flying ballet of water nymphs



In the Aquarium

"On with the Show of 1931" at the North Pier Pavilion—Left to right: Little Eva, a veritable infant prodigy, in the big scene, "When the Guards are on Parade"; Sylvia Cecil, the D'Oyly Carte star and ex-Co-optimist soprano; Betty Warren, well known as an impersonator; Maurice Camby, the violin soloist and leader of Marius Winter's Carlton Orchestra; Fred Walmsley, a Lancashire comedian "par excellence" and Blackpool's favourite minister of mirth; G. Roy Barbour, a light comedian and a Lancashire lad; and Alec Kellaway, well known in London as a "jeune premier." There is no room in the picture for Winstanley's Nippies or the ubiquitous Tiller Girls. "On with the Show" is certainly the last word in concert party production



AS IT IS IN MONTE CARLO

Beach fashions as expressed by General Polowtsoff, the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, the Hon. Mrs. Richard Norton, and her son and daughter, John Richard David and Sarah Katharine Elinor. The recently-opened summer sporting club is a great addition to the famous bathing beach at Monte Carlo

Barba

**T**WO taxi-drivers met and stopped for a chat. " 'Ow's business, Bill ?" asked one, who was seated in a smart-looking blue taxi

"Just terrible," replied Bill, sadly. "The whole of this week I've 'ardly picked up a shilling."

The other looked his taxi over, rather contemptuously. "Well, Bill," he said, "I don't see as 'ow yer can expect ter get fares with an old crock like that ! Why don't yer do what I does, and go round to ——. 'E'll fit yer up with a nice turn-out like this, and then you'll see you'll get fares all day and night."

Bill took the advice, and started next day in a brand new taxi. After a week, however, the proprietor of the vehicle sent for him. "Look here, Bill," he said, "you've had this taxi a week and done nothing with it. What's the matter—why don't you get fares? Don't people signal to you ?"

"Oh, yes, they do," replied Bill; "I see 'em waving all right. But they wouldn't wave when I 'ad an old cab, and I'm not taking any notice of them waving just because I've got a new one!"

\* \* \*

**H**e woke very reluctantly in the middle of the night to find his wife shaking him vigorously.

"John!" she whispered, "there's a burglar outside the window."

"H'ssh!" he whispered back, "be quiet, and let him open the window first. I haven't been able to budge it since the painter was here recently."

\* \* \*

**T**he teacher was endeavouring to teach elementary fractions, and as an example she gave :

"Suppose there were five children, and their mother had only four potatoes to share between them. She wants to give each child an equal share. How would she do it ?"

There was no answer for quite a time, but presently Bobby stood up.

"Please teacher, I know," he said.

"Well, Bobby," asked the teacher, "what would you do ?"

"Mash the potatoes," replied the boy.



THE SANDS OF GLEE

Swabbe

These water babies found each other very good companions at Westgate-on-Sea. They are the Master of Carnegie and (right) the Hon. Caroline Cust, only daughter of Lord and Lady Brownlow. The Master of Carnegie, who will be two years old on the 23rd of this month, is the son of Lord Carnegie and Lady Maud Carnegie and a god-son of the King

# Beauty in the Making



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- Elizabeth Arden's Creams are kind to the skin, as well as good for it. They contain nothing that could possibly irritate or harm it. The rich oils, so essential to loveliness, which go to make cleansing and nourishing creams; the very special ingredients of the creams for special purposes, are the finest obtainable. Miss Arden has the resources of the world to draw upon for the ingredients of her creams. She is in constant touch with famous chemists in her salon cities everywhere, so that attar of roses from Bulgaria, musk from China, rare extracts from Grasse, essences from Spain and Italy all meet on the common ground of her laboratory shelves, to be used in her preparations.
- Miss Arden makes no compromise with purity or quality. That is why women all over the world have absolute confidence in her creations.

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ROME



THE OLD MALVERNIAN TEAM

W. Dennis Moss

A young team which has been doing very well on its tour in the West this season was K.O. first round by Captain C. T. I. Roark's team at the Beaufort tournament, reached the semi-final at Cheltenham and the final at Cirencester—a good show. The names in this group, left to right, are: Mr. W. F. Butler, Mr. N. G. T. Cliff, Mr. T. Price (captain), and Mr. G. Strakosh

**I**T would be not merely unfriendly, but definitely tactless, did not someone on this side of the Atlantic express some alarm at the announcement that the two Argentine teams now in North America are including Chicago in their itinerary. I should have imagined personally that polo (especially the American type) was quite dangerous enough as it is. I do not want to be discouraging or emulate the ill-omened raven, but I must call attention to the fact that "Al" is still at large and that "Legs" has not yet gone inside, and that even if this were not so there is quite a bunch of Big Shots still around.

**T**he Santa Paula team, as was announced in a recent Réuter cable, has started very well by beating "a picked American side" (names not given) at Meadowbrook. It had a very good time last season in the U.S.A., and won practically everything for which it started, including the Pacific Coast Open Championship. It was Santa Paula's first northern invasion. One announcement in connection with this year's U.S.A. tour of this team I think ought to interest us, and it is this:

"Their ponies have been in the United States during the past year."

The team itself presumably has also been in hard tournament practice, because south of the line summer happens when it is winter north of it, and so the members of this team in all probability have just timed things right. In any case, so they tell me, winter practice in South America is never quite the same problem as it is with us or in parts of North America. I see no mention yet as to whether the North v. South cup is to be played for this autumn, but presumably it will be. It was stated last year that this would happen, and I have not seen any contradiction.

**I**t was, of course, a certainty that when the Sting-the-Few Chancellor was on the prowl for more revenue and hit upon his Land Tax scheme, that though he might listen to proposals to exclude golf courses, association football grounds, and so forth, racing and polo were practically certain to get it in the neck because, presumably, they are pastimes in which people whom the Chancellor does not particularly like indulge. Perhaps by the time the Bill gets ready we may have someone else as a Chancellor who will have fairer views and who will not be out to down people simply because they may happen to move in a social orbit different from his own. Let us hope that instead of a chalk jockey we shall have a real jockey up, and someone who can ride a bit more than one side of such a high-class performer as the British Empire. But the gross injustice of exempting one description of ground used for sport and amusement and

## POLO NOTES

By "SERREFILE"

declining to exempt another description of sports ground simply because the people who play a particular game are not the class of which you approve, hardly needs any stressing. Yet that is what it is intended to do if the chalk jockey has not been compelled to send in his jacket before it happens.

Although unfortunately there is no gainsaying the conclusion to which a correspondent of "The Field" is forced where civilian polo is concerned, for it is true that in these very hard times the young civilian has not the money or the leisure for either polo or hunting, I do not concur with what this correspondent says where the quality of military polo to-day is concerned. In his interesting letter, after pointing out the difficulties which beset the civilian player, this correspondent goes on:

Yet, in spite of these difficulties, there are probably as many soldiers playing to-day as there were before the War. The type of officer joining is the same as ever, though he may not have the money that his predecessors had. His ideas are the same, and the fact that he, too, was born in a mechanical age has not altered them. Motoring, golf, and even flying all have their places—he might even go surf-riding on Sunday—but they are all subservient to polo, and while the Army has horses this will always be so. It is the quality and not the quantity of present-day polo that is not up to old standards. The men who started polo just before the War and had to give it up until it was over were five years older when they rested. Five years at that period in a polo player's life is a very considerable time lost at a most important period. This does not apply to men who had found their form and had already become good players before 1914. They were just as good in 1920. This is very clearly shown by the players in the Inter-Regimental. There is practically no one who played polo before the War playing in the teams to-day. Good ponies are much harder to procure than before the War. They are bigger now, and consequently take longer to train.

I think so well of the present quality of military polo, i.e. polo played by actual serving soldiers, that I believe that it is a pity that we cannot take on the American Army. What we have in India quite apart, I consider that in teams such as the Bays, the Greys, R.A. (17/21, of course, only they happen to be in Cairo), 4th and 11th Hussars, there are (in not only my opinion) people who it would be quite unfair to say are far, if at all, behind the best pre-war brand. A Leslie Cheape only happens once in a couple of decades, and we have no one of his class playing amongst serving soldiers to-day, but we have an ex-soldier, Captain C. T. I. Roark, a war and post-war product.



THE SANTA PAULA TEAM IN AMERICA

This Argentine team is now on its second visit to the North, and at the time of going to press seems to be having just as successful a time as it had last season. It is a starter for the American Open, which is now on. The names in the group are: Messrs. Alfredo Harrington, Juan Reynal, José Reynal, and Manuel Andrade

# Reflecting Age and Quality . . .



THIS is an untouched photograph of glasses containing a little 'Cordon Bleu' Brandy.

See how they reflect the shadow of the casks in which it lay, recalling, as you will when you taste it, the fact that it matured in them for thirty-five years.

Life in cask makes the perfect Brandy ; the bottle is but a handy means of transferring it to your liqueur glass.

*Martell's  
Cordon Bleu*



UP NORTH: LADY BROUGHAM AND VAUX

Who is shooting in Yorkshire with her husband, was Miss Valerie French before her marriage at the end of last April. Her father, the Hon. Gerald French, is the younger son of the late Lord Ypres, the famous General, and a brother of the present peer

**I**N connection with the Old War Horse (Egypt) Fund for which Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke is collecting, a correspondent who signs himself "Broken Spur," has kindly copied out some of the verses of "Banjo" Patterson's "The Last Parade" and sent them to me with a brusque remark that they may do some good. Although it is not usual for any notice to be taken of anonymous communications, the sender of the present one obviously is so sincere that that can be waived. "Banjo" Patterson, whom some people still alive no doubt knew, was an Australian poet, not so very far behind Adam Lindsay Gordon, and this particular poem (included in "Rio Grande's Last Race, And Other Verses") was written just after the Boer War, when a large number of horses were also left behind to take their chance, sink or swim. Only some of the verses of this wonderful poem are all for which there is room, but I think they may suffice:

Starving and tired and thirsty  
We limped on the blazing plain,  
And after a long night's picket  
You saddled us up again.  
Steel! we were steel to stand it—  
We that have lasted through,  
We that are old campaigners,  
Pitiful, poor, and few.  
Over the sea you brought us,  
Over the leagues of foam,  
Now we have served you fairly,  
Will you not take us home?  
This is a small thing, surely,  
Will not you give command,  
That the last of the old campaigners  
Go back to their native land?

My unknown friend and THE TATLER's rather neutral ally says—

As one who rode or marched from the Canal to Aleppo, I think it was a disgrace to this great Empire that the horses should have been left behind, especially with Eastern people whose standards of humanity are so different to our own.

And now I think he ought to let me know how and where I can thank him personally.

## Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

**M**r. Dempsey's inspiring "come the three corners of the world in arms" and I will shock them challenge, shows us plainly that there is, at any rate, one man in the world who has got his tail up. He says he will be ready any day after December 1. How would Boxing Day suit him?

\* \* \*

**I**n this broadcast challenge to the fighting world I see no definite mention of the gentleman who for breakfast eats his own height in sausages plus a few dozen eggs and a bushel or two of bananas. I understand that the big crab they have against Carnera is that he is not a boxer, but merely a person who hits and sends all and sundry his opponents zooming over the ropes into the back rows of the spectators. Of course it is hardly cricket hitting boundaries like this, but is there no bowler good enough to get Primo's wicket?

\* \* \*

**S**igns of the hunting season, I observe, are already upon us. One of our most diligent paragraphists tells us that, "meeting at the Savoy and *casting hounds* into the Grill Room I . . . ." I suppose the right way to "cast" hounds is to pick 'em up by their "tails"!

\* \* \*

**U**nless the owner has found a more suitable name for the Golden Hair colt (by Gainsborough) I make him a present of the suggestion "Barlock." Admittedly it does not touch the sire's name, but I think it may be said to combine "gold" and "hair" in some definite measure.

\* \* \*

**J**udging by the amount of news space which the papers in this country continue to devote to the gyrations of a person whose proper and most respectful designation is Babu Gandhi, it might be imagined that he was as good advertisement stunt value as Mr. Bernard Shaw. That is not so. No one, not even his own admirers, so far as can be gathered, minded very much whether the gentleman did or did not come to England in search of an attack of pneumonia. Even Al Capone's publicity value has declined.

\* \* \*

**T**he poor old German cavalry officer, Baron von Creytz-Altenberg, who has died quite recently at the age of eighty-three in poverty in Berlin, must surely be one of the last survivors of one of the greatest cavalry battles in military history, those which took place at Mars-la-Tour on August 16, 1870. He was in the 1st Guard Dragoons, who, with the fourth squadron of the 2nd Guard Dragoons, were launched to cover the shattered remnants



SIR HENRY IMBERT-TERRY AND MRS. GERARD AT THE DEVON 'CHASES

The recent Devon and Exeter Steeplechases at Halton were a harbinger of things not very far off—winter sports of all kinds. Sir Henry Imbert-Terry, who is the first baronet, has a seat near Exeter, Strete Raleigh, at Whimple

(Continued on p. viii)

All for Beauty



## Clarify Your Skin After Summer Exposure

*To banish that end-of-summer cloudiness and uneven tan, to make your skin transparently clear and creamy smooth is very simple indeed if a few moments are spent daily with this HARRIET HUBBARD AYER treatment.*

*First cleanse with LUXURIA Cream to rid the pores of coarsening dust and grime, and to soften the skin. Then pat on LEMON LOTION. Not only is it always stimulating and refreshing, but its fresh fruit juice will lighten the colour and erase patches of sunburn. Lastly, smooth on a film of BEAUTIFYING FACE CREAM. This refines the texture . . . lends the whole face a radiantly clear undertone, a surface lustre. To fade out dark, stubborn freckles, or a severe coat of brown, each night allow MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION to dry on the skin.*

*You will be delighted to see how quickly, how effectively your skin responds to this simple clarifying, beautifying treatment.*

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# HARRIET HUBBARD AYER LIMITED BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

NEW YORK

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A CAR CRASH: LORD GAINSBOROUGH, LADY MAUREEN NOEL, AND THE HON. GERARD NOEL

A little contretemps at Ramsdale Bracknell, in which the Earl, who was born in 1923, and his sister and brother are involved. The consequences were not in any way serious. Lord Gainsborough succeeded in 1927

#### New Models.

I DO not profess to belong to that exclusive circle of daily paper "revealers" who produce information before it is intended to see the light of day. Nor am I numbered amongst those who exploit the uses of intelligent anticipation. To this latter practice I was once addicted but, once upon a time, there was an Olympia Show—and it failed to contain a motor-car that I had described down to the last detail. That was bad enough, but worse came when the board of directors (upon whom be the peace) decided that they had better not commit themselves to this car at all. So all my "stories" about it were rendered blank and nugatory. This annoyed me very much, because my stories, which were very much better than the car, were never published and never paid for. However, these troublesome things must be forgotten. Subject to considerations of time and space (and *THE TATLER* has to go to bed a long time before it gets up in the morning) I can make a few generalities about the new breed of motor cars. I was going to say—as they appear at the Show—but it is becoming increasingly clear that motor-car manufacturers do not care two hoots (or even "one hoot") about the Show, since most of them declare their intentions and announce their programmes so many weeks before Olympia opens its doors. This is probably the beginning of better things. I hope it is. To my mind it would be sensible if Olympia were held in January. At all events one thing is very evident, that none of the really important motor manufacturers regard it as an arbitrary date upon which they must make a declaration of their intentions for the new season. Here we are, months ahead of the Show, and already we have Austin, Morris, Singer, Riley, Humber, Hillman, Rover, Triumph, and many another showing their hands. They are dealers—and therefore, according to the laws of bridge, they incur no penalty if they drop a card out of turn.

power. And that is all to our good. Looking back upon what has happened during the last few years, I, as an ordinary motorist, have often had occasion to exclaim, "What is the good of these titch little things?" After all, when all is said and done, the real issue is comfort. If a car is not comfortable no one has any use for it. And for that reason the 1932 models inspire me with enthusiasm, because they are so comfortable. Take for instance that very wonderful thing, the new Morris Eight family car. It is a family car. And the new Singer Twelve-Six: that, too, is a real family job; as also is the new Austin. In this country we have so long boasted about what our little cars could do. Now we can boast that they will do all that they could do before, but with a far greater load. I tell you frankly that when I think of the difficulties with which our car manufacturers are faced I am more than ever proud of the results which they achieve. Higher and higher go their standards of excellence, lower and lower go their costs. Is there any commodity in the market which offers so good value for money as a British motor-car? But the thing that sticks in my mind and for the expression of which I would ask forgiveness is this, that at long last the British manufacturer has recognized that he must in *any* car, no matter what its horse-power or what it costs, give full-sized accommodation. How often have I demanded to know, what relation is there between any man's sense of comfort and the depth of his pocket? Time and time again motor-manufacturers have told me that the patron with the short purse is the man who must put up with a shortage of foot room. And when I have asked "Why?" they have given me the blank look to which there was no answer. But a new era dawns. For years our British car designers have been complaining about the economic considerations which set such limits upon their enterprises. Now they have to

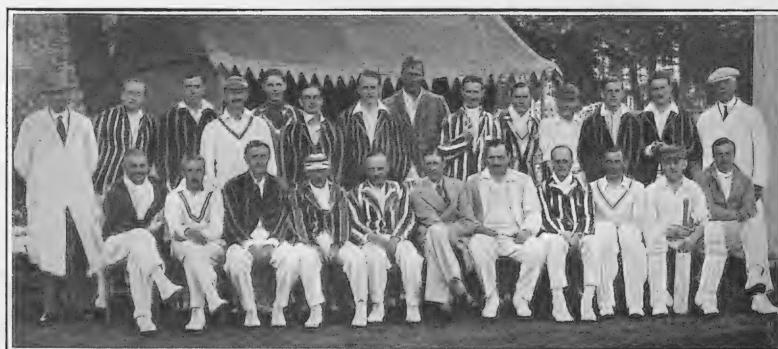
*(Cont. on p. xiv)*

# Petrol Vapour

By W. G. ASTON

#### Main Tendencies.

Manifestly I cannot deal with all the detail improvements which these firms have made (though later on I shall attempt to do so in my "Cameos"), because it is in a thousand and one directions that they have made advances. But there are certain well-marked and preponderating tendencies which come into my province. One appears with singular clarity. That is that the 1932 model (whether it appears in 1931 is of no consequence) is a better car because it has a much-improved measure of accommodation. That which a year ago was a two-three seater is now a four-seater, by which I mean that it will hold four adults. That which was a year ago a four-seater has now been enlarged so that it will hold five. No magical work has been done by the coach-builder. He has merely responded to the suggestion made by the engine department. The latter has declared that another 10 h.p. was available (Heaven knows how), and the coach-constructor, heaving a sigh of relief, has had no difficulty in finding how to absorb that extra horse-



TRAMPS V. GENTLEMEN OF ESSEX: THE COMBINED TEAMS

This match was played at Fenner's, Cambridge, and ended in a draw. The names in this group, left to right, are: Back row—Addison (umpire), W. R. D. Manning, J. N. Franklin, A. G. Bailey-Hawkins, H. D. Read, L. D. Cambridge, R. G. H. Lowe, E. G. Martin, E. H. R. Bedford, H. Freeman-Robinson, G. W. O. Smith, R. O. G. Norman, J. H. T. Camber, Waits (umpire). Front row—N. R. E. Wilkinson, N. V. S. Cannon, G. M. Louden, Captain H. R. King, L. D. Wormersley, W. R. Jarvis (Tramps' president), J. S. F. Morrison, Colonel T. Wilson, W. H. M. Collis-Browne, G. V. N. Ridley, T. C. Longfield

R. S. CRISP

A S . . D E P E N D A B L E . . A S . . A N . . A U S T I N

# AUSTIN ANNOUNCES OLYMPIA PRICES

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In announcing the new Olympia prices, Austin offers a wide range of cars which not only definitely sets a standard of dependability to the world, but also a new standard of motoring value.

This distinguished range provides cars of such

character and calibre that they establish Austin, more firmly than ever, leader in the motor industry.

Study the new programme—and you will agree that never at any time have such prices purchased such motoring efficiency . . . such motoring satisfaction.

## PRICES EFFECTIVE SEPTEMBER 2ND

### SEVEN MODELS

	NEW PRICES	OLD PRICES (Including extras)	SPECIAL FEATURES
De Luxe Saloon . . . . .	£128.0.0	£140 . 0 . 0	With sunshine roof and upholstered in leather.
Standard Saloon . . . . .	£118.0.0	£130 . 0 . 0	Upholstered in wool repp or leather cloth.
Tourer . . . . .	£118.0.0	£122 . 10 . 0	Upholstered in leather cloth.
Two-Seater . . . . .	£118.0.0	£122 . 10 . 0	Upholstered in leather cloth.

### TWELVE-FOUR MODELS

Burnham De Luxe Saloon . . . . .	£288.0.0	£316 . 19 . 0	With sunshine roof, bumpers and Magna wheels. With new all-steel body.
New Windsor Saloon . . . . .	£268.0.0		With sunshine roof and bumpers. Upholstered in leather or moquette.
New De Luxe Harley Saloon . . . . .	£225.0.0		Upholstered in wool repp or leather cloth.
Harley Saloon . . . . .	£198.0.0	£198 . 0 . 0	Entirely new bodies. Upholstered in leather cloth.
New Open Road Tourer . . . . .	£198.0.0		
New Eton Two-Seater . . . . .	£198.0.0		

### TWELVE-SIX MODELS

New De Luxe Harley Saloon . . . . .	£225.0.0		
Harley Saloon . . . . .	£198.0.0	£198 . 0 . 0	
New Open Road Tourer . . . . .	£198.0.0		
New Eton Two-Seater . . . . .	£198.0.0		

### SIXTEEN MODELS

Burnham De Luxe Saloon (six window)	£325.0.0	£352 . 19 . 0	With sunshine roof, bumpers and Magna wheels.
New Westminster Saloon (four window)	£350.0.0		New model with de luxe finish as above.
Burnham De Luxe Saloon (with drop head)	£325.0.0		With bumpers and Magna wheels.
New Windsor Saloon . . . . .	£298.0.0		With new all-steel body having low and pleasing lines.
Open Road Tourer . . . . .	£290.0.0	£310 . 0 . 0	Roomy five-seater with full all-weather equipment.
Harrow Two-Seater . . . . .	£290.0.0	£310 . 0 . 0	With smart lines and comfortable dickey seat.

### TWENTY MODELS

Ranelagh Limousine or Landauette (wheelbase 11' 4") . . . . .	£575.0.0	£587 . 15 . 0	With bumpers, Magna wheels and Vauvol upholstery.
Mayfair Saloon (wheelbase 10' 10") . . . . .	£550.0.0	£552 . 15 . 0	With sunshine roof, bumpers and Magna wheels.
New Whitehall Saloon. (wheelbase 10') . . . . .	£525.0.0		With special light chassis, sunshine roof, bumpers and Magna wheels.
New Carlton Saloon (wheelbase 10') . . . . .	£498.0.0		With special light chassis, fixed roof, bumpers and Magna wheels.

All models have Triplex glass, Dunlop tyres and chromium finish.

The Austin Motor Company Ltd., Longbridge, Birmingham. Showrooms, also Service Station for the Austin Seven : 479-483 Oxford Street, London, W.1. Showrooms and Service Station : Holland Park Hall, W.11



# BURROUGHS PASSES

By KENNETH JAMES

**M**OST of his thinking life Burroughs had been afraid to die. Yet, some curious streak of obstinacy, a kind of goaded courage, had determined him to fight his star, and so he found himself a soldier. Too young to have been in the Great War and as yet unfleshed by battle, he stood now tensely on guard against unworthy emotions which fought to show themselves, while Edwardes, commanding the fort, referred to a telegram in his hand and in matter-of-fact tones discussed his intentions.

"Two hundred Chinese brigands according to this telegram," Edwardes was saying.

"I don't think myself that they *are* ordinary brigands—too many of 'em. They're probably deserters from one of the many Chinese armies. Tough stuff, I imagine!"

His broad face, bronzed and red-traced by the weather vagaries of many expeditions, professional or *shikar*, puckerred for a moment with thought. Then he continued:

"I'll take two troops of mounted infantry and, of course, I'll need another British officer."

He rose, and Burroughs, furtively wiping his hands, clammy with apprehensive sweat, against his trousers, steadied his voice to ask:

"When do we start?"

"To-night, of course. They've got a seventy mile start, but they've been going some days and we're fresh. We'll catch 'em all right."

Burroughs winced at the certainty in the other man's voice.

Edwardes stood, unusually, hesitant for a moment, then spoke again, apologetically.

"I'm afraid, old man, I shan't be able to take you this time. I want you to command the fort while I'm away. Curtis is a bit junior for the job. I'll take him with me and let him have No. 1 troop to run. A pity we haven't more officers, but such is the North-Eastern Frontier. You understand, of course?"

With relief came sudden reaction, and Burroughs clutched convulsively at the back of a chair to steady himself.

"But—but—" he stammered.

Edwardes nodded with misunderstanding sympathy.

"Bit of a blow, old lad?" he questioned.

"Never mind. There'll be another chance soon. Things are waking up on this frontier, and about time too. I'm beastly sorry."

He turned and walked down the bungalow steps and up the road towards his own house, muttering:

"Poor old chap. Wish I could take him, but, dash it all, we can't *all* go and leave the fort in the air."

From his window Burroughs watched his senior stride energetically down the hill.

With red-hot shame he reviewed the joyful uplift with which he had greeted the news—so hesitantly given by Edwardes—that he would not accompany the column. Edwardes had been genuinely distressed at leaving him out, and was probably even now dubbing Burroughs a sportsman, for having taken a grievous professional disappointment in so soldierly a manner and without undue protest.

Burroughs groaned aloud. Edwardes was still well within earshot, barely eighty yards away, and Burroughs, hounded by shame into action, leaned far out of the window. His was the right by seniority to accompany the column, and if he protested sufficiently vigorously Edwardes might give way. His lips opened, forming the other man's name. But the shout never came. A low hail from the opposite direction swung his head that way. It was Curtis, the third and most junior of the officers in the fort. He sat cupped in the linked arms of two sepoys who bore him shamblingly down the steep path which led from the detachment football ground.

"Hullo, Burroughs."

The hail had come from Curtis. He went on explanatorily:

"Just jiggered up my knee playing soccer. You'll have to take musketry for me to-morrow"—it was evident that Curtis had not heard of the impending expedition—"I shan't be able to use it for days. Curse! Blast! Gently, you—you sons of buffaloes!"

He broke into angry profanity as a false step from one of the sepoys wrenched his damaged knee.

Burroughs called back condolences, but his mind was elsewhere. Fate had taken a hand in the game, and he would go with the column now, not Curtis.

"I shall be killed. I shall be killed."

The haunting hysteria of his life-long night-mare had started the sinister whisper somewhere in the depths of his mind. He shook himself angrily and turned away from the window.

"Go and be killed, then, damn you," he snarled angrily, grinning sheepishly a moment later at the realization that he had spoken aloud. Very deliberately but with hands that shook in spite of the control he forced on himself, he filled and lit a pipe and prepared to go across to Edwardes' bungalow. The start would be in a very few hours, and although the post lived with one foot in the stirrup there were details to be arranged, rations and ammunition, the number of rounds per rifle—he shuddered, and to the crunching of the gravel under his feet there came the refrain:

"I shall be killed, I shall be killed . . . ."

Three hours later and in perfect starlight the column, forty Gurkhas from the mounted infantry of the detachment, dropped slowly from the pine-clad summit of the fort site to the valley below. Starlight and silence, save for the jingling of bits, the creak of leather; and occasionally a stifled Gurkali curse from one of the men as his pony stumbled on the steep declivity. Gradually, with the descent, the pines were left behind, and now the column moved among the sombre brush and bamboo thickets of the valley.

And then very slowly occurred what to Burroughs had always seemed the never-failing miracle of the wilderness. The moon swam majestically over the shoulder of a hill, paling the stars and flooding the night with weird, heart-wrenching beauty. Burroughs caught his breath at the wonderful allure of it, to sink beneath the onslaught of his own thought.

"God, what a night to go to my death!"

Edwardes, his jaw set grimly, his mind on the work in hand, reacted more professionally to the phenomenon.

He moved slightly in his saddle and spoke curtly.

"This blasted moon won't help matters. We must be fairly close to 'em—ought to make contact any moment now."

Edwardes' expectations remained unfulfilled.

The moon sank, leaving the night to the contrasting inanity of the stars, and still the column plodded on, the progress of the forty horses eerily silent over the sludgy carpet of dead and rotting leaves. The dawn wind was stirring the inert luxuriance of the undergrowth, and from infrequent points came the call of solitary birds when the two officers, sagging in their saddles with the long ride, straightened at sight of figures in the path directly ahead of them. One of the scouts had returned and was conferring with the column "point." He rode briskly up now.

"Well?"

Edwardes had shaken off his stupor and was again tensely a soldier. Stolidly the scout gave his report. There were about two hundred *dusman* (enemy). They had just broken camp and were pushing on fast. They seemed uneasy and had put out a strong rear-guard. An hour's riding would suffice to catch up with them.

Edwardes' face lit up happily. In a few staccato sentences he explained the situation to his men. Scouts were recalled, the point halved and ordered to keep farther from the column, and with a creaking of saddles the column started off at a brisk trot.

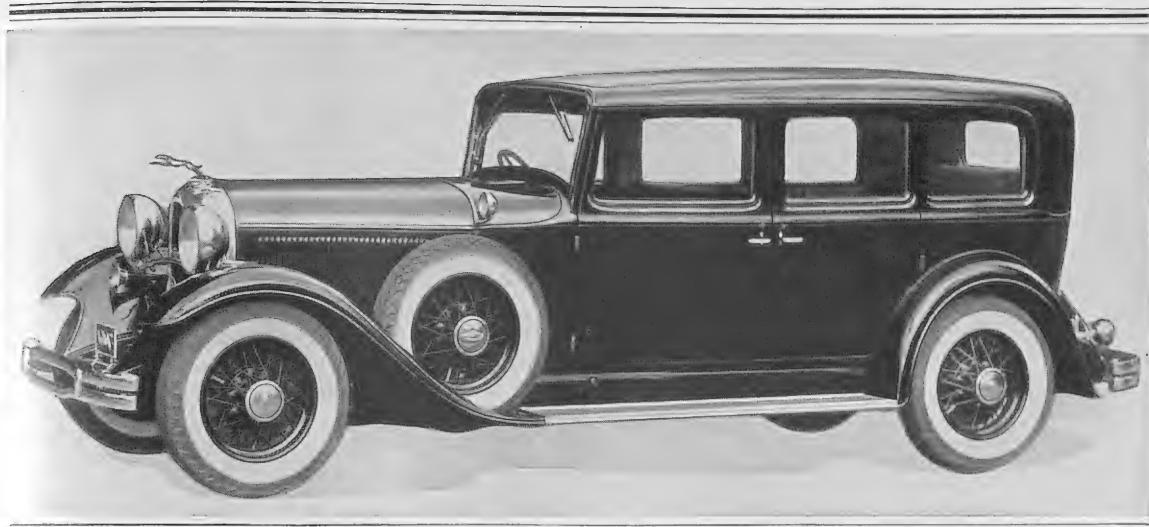
"No time for finesse," Edwardes explained in undertones to Burroughs. "We're too near the frontier. It's just a chase to catch them before they get across."

Burroughs nodded. With the approach of the moment he had all his life dreaded, he dared not trust his voice. His hands scabbarded on the reins and desperately he strove to draw from the sturdy little pony under him some of its unimaginative gallantry. The refrain was haunting him again:

"I shall be killed. I know I'll be killed."

Try as he would to avoid it, his eyes turned huntedly to the sombre thickets which bordered the path.

(Continued on p. iv.)



## “The Poetry of Motion . . .”

A well-worn phrase, but if it means anything to you, if it is anything more than a few words, *You must Know the New LINCOLN.*

To ride in it, merely to *ride* in it, is to get quite a novel conception of motoring.

To drive it, to sample its acceleration, to taste the fascination of free-wheeling on two gears, to glide really soundlessly along, using no fuel, to glide just as in a dream-car, on a dream-road, is to realise *some* of the lure of this New LINCOLN.

Then to examine the car, inch by inch, whether beautiful body-work or superb chassis-finish most

appeals to you, to test its perfect provision in the matters of comfort, convenience, liberality of equipment.

What a *mercy* it is that the New LINCOLN is so very, very conservatively priced !

There are far costlier cars than the New LINCOLN. But no Lincoln owner can tell you where the value-for-money is, in those costlier cars. May we bring a New LINCOLN to your home, to your club, to your office, tomorrow ?

Lincoln Car Department, Ford Motor Company Ltd., 88 Regent Street, London, W.1. Regent 7272.

*the* LINCOLN



Defending her title this week : Miss Pauline Doran, holder of the Girls' Championship which starts to-day (Sept. 9) at Stoke Poges. Her first opponent is Miss Enid Bears

Ranelagh?" and nearly dropped the receiver in horror when told that they had been open a month and she must hurry up. And she was in most ways a model of punctuality, business-like methods, and everything else which a management could desire that an entrant should be. If she, of all people, could be so vague, what might other folk be doing in the way of forgetting to enter? And if they forget, how awful will be the plaints and pleadings which will lay siege to the office by telephone, telegram, letter, post-card, personal calls. Once more, *Do It Now*, if you mean to do it at all.

Meanwhile the autumn offensive is really opening this week with the Girls' Championship at Stoke Poges. There is an excellent draw, so excellent that no doubt some people will think it has been all nicely cooked (though perhaps they will be polite enough to call it "seeded"), so that last year's final between Miss Pauline Doran and Miss Dorrit Wilsons can be fought out again. "Britannia and Eve"—the golfing staff of it, that is—do not specialize in cooking or seeding; all Girls' Championships, just like all the Foursomes, are genuine, unarranged draws, done with numbered counters. Sometimes they come out so ill that the golf editor, her secretary, and the distinguished outsider who comes in to do the drawing, tear out their respective hairs in handfuls; this time it has been a good one, and there ought to be real cumulative interest all through Wednesday and Thursday to the 18th hole on Friday morning. Stoke Poges is playing long this year, after the wet summer, but it was never in better order, particularly the greens, and the "Girls" have been doing so well in grown-up golf of 1931 that there is hope not only of some battles royal, but also of real good golf into the bargain.

Times may be hard, but to the lasting credit of the golfing community it must be set on record that the Golfers' Cot is an established fact for 1931 at the East London Hospital for Children at Shadwell, and if the impressive collection of patrons know anything at all about it, they mean to leave no stone unturned to keep it there permanently. These are Lady Carisbrooke, Lady Rhondda, Miss Wethered, Miss Gourlay, Lord Lurgan, the Hon. W. Brownlow, Mr. Lister Hartley, and Major Hezlet, with Miss Joy Winn as the moving spirit in the background. She has put in any amount of good work, and so have

## Eve at Golf

By ELEANOR E. HELME

IT seems a little fierce, put like that, the remainder at the foot of this page about the closing date for Ranelagh and Roehampton entries, but really what is one to do? Only a few nights ago a friend inquired of me, all casually, when we were chatting of something else, "By the way, are the entries open yet for

various other golfers, many of them busy in ways outside golf, in raising the needful £50 a year. Some clubs have held competitions or matches, proving all over again that it really is many a mickle that mak's a muckle.

That, of course, has been shown over and over again by the golfers, particularly the Scottish ones, in their efforts for the National Playing Fields Association. The Challenge Cup, for instance, which Mrs. Dunlop Hill has given for competition during the week of the Scottish Foursomes, brought in over £15 this year at Guillane. For that cup, competitors as soon as they are defeated in the foursomes may take out as many medal cards as they like, paying 2s. 6d. for the first card and 1s. for all the subsequent ones. Now Mrs. Dunlop Hill is most generously presenting a cup to be played for at the English Close Championship, and the L.G.U. will decide in the course of a few days under what conditions exactly this new trophy shall be played for at Ganton.

Entries for the English Championship, by the way, close a day earlier than the Ranelagh ones, so there again people had better get a bustle on. "Golf Illustrated," who are having their annual Ladies' Cup competition at Ganton on September 26, are more merciful; entries will not close until a week before the event is played.

Every year brings a fresh crop of competitors to every championship, and though most Yorkshireites know Ganton, southerners are apt to be more ignorant. In the first place they will probably be astonished to find that Ganton is ten miles inland, since they will quite certainly have heard of it as a Yorkshire coast course. And when they have swallowed that fact, they will be equally mystified to learn that Ganton is seaside golf, in the sense of crisp turf of the kind that grows on genuine "links" (which the dictionaries define as sandy, open waste spaces near the seashore).

If anybody thinks they are going to play golf at Ganton and watch the deep blue sea at the same time, they will get a rude awakening, but not ruder than she who imagines that because she is ten miles inland her feet will be necessarily on the same level, her ball lying on a flat and featureless expanse of fairway, when she comes to play a shot. Ganton offers you seaside problems to solve, and only she who is prepared for that fact is going to tackle the course right away.



Golf in the tropics: Mrs. F. H. Leetham, formerly Miss Sylvia Dampney, the Welsh International and Sussex County player. Though she now lives in Ceylon, where her husband is a tea planter, Mrs. Leetham follows with interest the doings of the golfing world at home

Entries for the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh and Roehampton must reach "Britannia and Eve" office by this Friday, September 11



Having crossed the Atlantic to deliver an attack on the American and Canadian Championships, Miss Enid Wilson, our open and close champion, will be an absentee at Ganton

Amateur photographers who have really "sharp" snapshots of golfing subjects, particularly close-up photographs of prize-winners, are reminded that the Editor of "The Tatler" will always be glad to consider such and to pay usual rates for any that are accepted.

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# The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE

"After the Ball."

**I**SABEL JEANS looks and is charming in the Charles II costume that she wears in Owen Nares' bedroom after the ball in *Counsel's Opinion* at the Strand Theatre. The dress is a study in delicate shades of pink and red with a voluminous skirt and waisted corsage, while her black velvet hat is generously trimmed with shaded ostrich plumes. In the subsequent scenes she wears modern dresses; they are graceful and are robed of all extravagant notes, including variations of the bustle. They have been designed and carried out by Norman Hartnell, therefore it is safe to predict that modes of this character will be in the limelight throughout the coming season.

\* \* \*

Studies in Brown and Black and White.

**S**implicity and sophistication go hand in hand in Isabel Jeans' black and white satin dress; the black skirt, which clears the ground by a fraction of an inch, has a very clever hip yoke that comes to a point in front, below which organ-pipe pleats give



As headgear is of paramount importance, two views of this reversible velvet model from Jaeger's, 352, Oxford Street, W., are given. (See p. ii)

the necessary fulness. The neck-line, cut in a "V," is finished with a white cape or berthe some 6 in. deep; white gloves, fox stole, and pochette complete the scheme. Her hat is likewise white; it is not quite a bowler, neither is it a Glengarry or a tricorn; it is a hybrid, and suits this talented actress to perfection. Her brown and white satin dress is arranged in sections, an important feature being the scarf wrap; it is trimmed with fur and is lightly draped over the shoulders. Her brown hat is not unlike the one she wears in the first act. Her evening dress in the last act is of white crépe with a matt surface; it is very simple and falls in graceful folds, and is accompanied by a long white coat lined with green and a white fox stole.

\* \* \*

Fashions in "Those Naughty Nineties."

**A**nd women will wonder, after seeing *Those Naughty Nineties* at the Criterion, whether the modes of that period will ever be revived. In the first scene the hard straw sailor hat scores a triumph; indeed from the dialogue it appears that a more decorative affair is regarded as fast. It is a decided mystery, too, how women ever managed to ride a bicycle with their lace petticoats and long circular skirts. In this scene leg-o'mutton sleeves reinforced with epaulettes, have reached the zenith of their glory and so have ribbons that are stitched on; indeed one is not always sure whether it is braid or ribbon that has been used. The wasp-like waist is regarded with favour. Mary Jerrard's dresses are particularly fascinating, and one cannot help wondering how Pamela Willin's has been able to compress her waist—surely it cannot be more than 16 in. in circumference and it might even be less when she wears her widow's weeds.

\* \* \*

Fashion in a Nutshell.

**T**he bustle and the exaggerated notes that were noticeable in some of the Parisian collections must not be taken too seriously. The consensus of opinion of those in a position to speak authoritatively is that the autumn fashions will be a development of those of the Spring with which will be mingled some of the less flamboyant features of the Second Empire and mid-Victorian eras. To put the matter in a nutshell, there will not be much change except that the skirts will be rather full (flared) than they have been during the past few months, and that the fulness will spring gradually from a little below the hips, the flares being present either in front, or front and sides, leaving the back flat; a few dresses will have fulness all round. Again the fulness may be at the front and back, leaving the sides plain.

\* \* \*

Hip-Waisted Dresses.

**T**here is no change with regard to the length of day-time frocks, whereas for the evening the ankle length is accepted. It must, however, be admitted that sometimes they are a little shorter in

(Continued on p. ii)



Ellis  
Fulton.

The tweed frock on the left has been treated in a decidedly new manner; the diagonal neckline basque and neat double sleeves are very becoming. The dress on the right is of striped jersey with contrasting revers. At Jaeger's. (See p. ii)



## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

front. Many models are hip-waisted. Even in sports ensembles the skirts are slightly flared, and the cardigan is very plain. A notable dress-designer makes a feature of beige and dark brown for sports wear as well as lacquer-red and emerald-green, and her jumpers are made of striped jersey, also plain and light-weight English tweed. For wearing with jumpers and skirts she has created an almost tailored jacket which is slightly fitted at the waist; the pockets on the skirt are repeated on them. Loose capes made of tweed are making a tentative bid for favour, nevertheless they have rivals in the dolman and the straight coat. And it must not be overlooked that there is a new fabric known by the name of Bagheera, called after Kipling's panther in the "Jungle" book; it suggests a sponge cloth and is light and warm.

### Simulated Tweeds and Tweeds.

No woman feels completely at ease unless she knows that her wardrobe contains a frock that may appropriately be worn under a wrap coat or form a perfect background for furs. It is in dresses of this genre that Jaeger, 352, Oxford Street, W., excel; witnesses to the fact are the models pictured on page 470. The model on the left is made of a tweed with a diagonal weave, the neckline and simulated basque are arranged to harmonize with the weave of the tweed; it will be noticed that there is a double sleeve and narrow belt. The dress on the right is of jersey, showing a tweed pattern, in which dull greys, blues, and greens are present; again, there are contrasting revers. In other frocks a flat epaulette is introduced, while others are finished with touches of white piqué.

### Travelling Coats and Hats.

It is universally acknowledged that Jaeger hold the fort where travelling coats are concerned, and this season their collection has beaten even their own high record. Who would not desire to own the model pictured in the centre of page 470? The cavalry collar and half hand-kerchief revers are adjustable; it can be worn either with or without the belt. By the way, it is accompanied by one of the new Jaeger scarves, which are 12s. 6d. A better view of the scarf is obtainable from the picture on the extreme right, where it is seen in conjunction with a reversible velour hat of which two views are given. In these salons there is an interesting collection of felt hats, bags, and necklaces, all of which occupy a prominent position in the world of dress at this date of the calendar.

### Shooting Weathercoats.

Sportswomen never allow fashion to interfere with the practical side of their garments, although naturally they insist on their being well cut. The Dexter shooting weathercoat illustrated on this page is known by the name of the Glenquoich, and is made of a triple-proofed Dexter fabric. It allows free arm movement, and there are leg straps to keep it in place when walking down partridges

### Figures Merit Fairness.

Many women, it may be through thoughtlessness, are decidedly unfair to their figures. They not only give them the correct support but allow them the freedom of movement necessary for perfect health. Now the Twilfit corsets which may be seen in the salons of D. H. Evans and Co., Oxford Street, W., bestow on the figure all the benefits to which it is entitled. There are over 140 models from which to choose at prices to suit all purses; an illustrated catalogue will gladly be sent gratis and post free. Now for 15s. 11d. there is a pink broché model with back lacing and elastic at top, it is cut higher at the back for extra support, and there are well-boned wrap-round models for the same price. Then there are girdles with 10-in. elastics at the sides lightly boned and made from artificial silk elastic for 4s. 11d. Deep-fitting striped coutil, and mercerised corsets of white and pink broché finished with cotton elastic insets on hips, lightly boned over abdomen and at back, are 12s. 11d. Brassières of every description are available for a few shillings.

### Straps and Soles.

Simple and smart are the new Dolcis evening shoes; they may be seen in the Piccadilly salons as well as at their other establishments—not overlooking those in Victoria Street just opposite Victoria Underground Station. There are the open shank shoes (the shank is the part of the shoe connecting the sole with the heel); they are cleverly cut away at the sides so that the feet are visible; indeed some of the models seem to be composed of merely straps and soles. Many of them are of gold and silver kid. There is likewise a new court Dolcis shoe which has been created to be worn with the tip-tilted hats and an important feature of which is the bow which is arranged to harmonize with the tilt of the hat. So smart are the Dolcis shoes that it is sometimes overlooked that they are particularly comfortable as they are cut on anatomical lines. They make a feature of light theatre shoes that do not easily become spotted should the pavements be wet and muddy.



A DEXTER SHOOTING WEATHERCOAT

It is known by the name of "Glenquoich" and is made of a triple proof Dexter fabric with hat to match. At R. W. Forsyth's, Vigo House, Regent Street, W.

through root crops; although it is lined with a check wool combine it is only 5½ guineas. It seems almost unnecessary to add that it is rain as well as wind proof; by the way, there are hats *en suite* for 25s. This Dexter weathercoat, accompanied with many others, for men as well as women, has gone into residence at R. W. Forsyth's, Vigo House, Regent Street, W. Attention must be called to the fact that these Dexters are non-rubber proofed, nevertheless they are quite weatherproof.

### A Correction.

In our issue of August 26 it was erroneously stated that the ensemble pictured was 7 guineas; it should have been 5½ guineas, and the collar was not of krimmer but of musquash. It is hoped that this has not caused too much unnecessary trouble.



**Burroughs Passes**—continued from p. 466

C-r-r-ack—c-r-r-ack—phut—phut! As if in answer the thickets were suddenly alive with hidden rifle fire.

With that first crashing volley paralysis seized Burroughs. Behind him the Gurkhas, with startled grunts or obscene curses, according to their degrees of wakefulness, scrambled from their ponies. Section horse-holders slipped forward like automatons and—incredibly the path was deserted; the Gurkhas were under cover in the jungle, their eyes straining into the semi-darkness of the undergrowth. In front Edwardes strove vainly to leave his madly-whirling pony, its flanks heavily scored by a Chinese bullet. He succeeded at last and ran the shivering brute into the shelter of the brush. Burroughs, immobile as a statue, continued to sit his pony in the middle of the path. Although his life depended on it he was incapable in those moments of compelling his body to act. Apathetically he awaited again the rending volley, but none came. He was no longer afraid. It was as if all the fear in him had with over-usage been drained away, leaving only a callous fatalism. A furious voice jolted him from his lethargy.

"Burroughs! What the hell do you think you're doing out there? Posing for a pretty picture? Get under cover. Quick!"

"There was nothing after the first volley."

Burroughs was surprised to find his voice level, tinted even with mild contempt. Nevertheless he moved slowly into the jungle towards Edwardes, to be greeted by him with whole-hearted curses. Burroughs listened quietly, and then, as the other paused for breath, looked at him and smiled tranquilly, his face transfigured with the deep content that possessed him. The experience of those few minutes when he had waited for death had wrought a sea-change, and in his heart he knew that the cloud of fear which had lowered over his life had lifted for ever. Edwardes regarded him wonderingly.



ON THE MOORS—GLENMARKIE, ANGUS  
A lunch-time snapshot when Mr. and Mrs. Euan Cox were shooting with some friends from their house, Glenmarkie, Alyth, Angus. In the group, left to right, are: Mrs. Malcolm, Mrs. Euan Cox, Mrs. W. Cox, and Mr. Walter Edge, who is the United States Ambassador to Paris

"You seem to enjoy being potted at," he growled. "Extraordinary fellow—ah—" He broke off as a Gurkha officer came up quietly to report.

"Nothing on the flanks," Edwardes repeated. "I thought so. That was just a running snack. There's open country a quarter of a mile ahead, and they'll probably make a stand there. No. 1 troop will attack, Burroughs. I'll support you with No. 2."

Burroughs saluted and joined his troop. He walked springily, body and mind alike vital with an energy he had never before felt, and gradually, irresistibly, there rose in him an exultant ferocity. The fear of a lifetime had gone and the pendulum had swung. The blood lust was on Burroughs.

The extended line of No. 1 troop slipped unobtrusively out of the jungle into the plain. Three hundred yards ahead a line of small hillocks humped themselves in sinister fashion from the plain. Burroughs thrilled joyfully. The hillocks were grimly silent; not by the remotest flicker of a movement did they betray their deadliness, but Burroughs *knew*.

Two hundred yards—one hundred, and then—blue-capped figures peered over and around the bushes which crowned the mounds, the air hummed with bullets, the earth coughed up dust, and here and there a stocky figure in the advancing line sank saggingly forward.

Burroughs' rising fury culminated now in berserk madness. He was shouting aloud; snatches of ribald song, language of incredible filth burst from his lips. They were fifty yards from the hillocks now, and with a shout of "Come on, you lads. Give 'em b—y hell!" Burroughs shot forward. The short dash carried them on to the mounds; they surged over and were among the Chinamen, hacking, cutting, striking—till quite suddenly the mounds were empty, and in the distance blue-clad figures scuttled for cover followed by rapid fire from the troop.

And then, five yards from Burroughs, a figure rose quietly from the ground, his rifle at the aim. Burroughs had a vivid vision of gnarled hands clenched tensely on a rifle stock, had barely time to raise his pistol. With the

(Continued on p. vi)

## Everyone likes the 'nutty' flavour

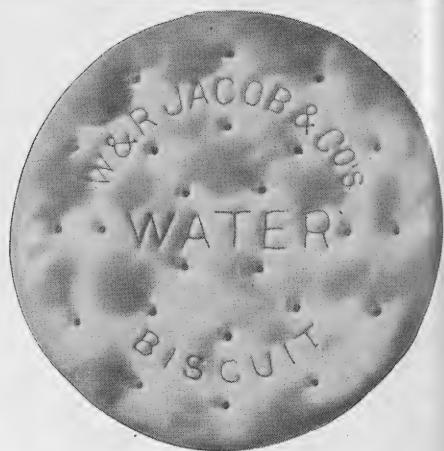
When the grocer sent some other kind of Water Biscuits, the whole family rose to protest. "But these aren't Jacobs!" They missed at once the delicate crispness, and the real nutty flavour that make Jacob's Water Biscuits the only right accompaniment to cheese among discerning people. Don't let your grocer make the same mistake. He's sure to have Jacob's—loose, in  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. packets, or 1/3, 2/- and 2/5 tins.

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**Burroughs Passes**—continued from p. iv

report of the rifle came the sharper crack of his own weapon. The Chinaman stood motionless for a long moment, then crumpled suddenly forward, to raise himself painfully on one elbow a second later. The little pig eyes stared long and fixedly at Burroughs, then a look of savage satisfaction overspread the leathery face and the shaved head drooped forward—finally.



MISS JOYCE COOPER

Whose engagement to Mr. Hugh Leveson-Gower was recently announced, is the daughter of Sir Daniel and Lady Cooper of Greenways, near Chippingham. Mr. Hugh Leveson-Gower played a leading part in rescuing the last of the Sultans of Turkey, whose assassination was imminent. Mr. Leveson-Gower was then Military Secretary to General Sir Charles Harington, O.C. Allied Forces in the Dardanelles

Lenore

Burroughs lay luxuriously on the long grass, a tranquil satisfaction pervading him. He was a man once more. Never again would he be haggard by that ghastly fear which choked his voice and tied his limbs, and made his days and nights a hell of thought. Battle? It was man's heritage, a glorious game. He reviewed again the dreadful unexpectedness of that volley in the jungle, and smiled at the thought of the ineptitude that had overcome him—then the advance towards the Chinese position across the plain with those wild, killing thoughts possessing him, the exhilarating dash over the mounds and the shock of hand-to-hand fighting. Lastly, the Chinese rifleman whom he had killed and who had shot at him. How had he missed? He mused amazedly. The range had been five yards, perhaps less, and the Chinaman had aimed so long and so steadily while Burroughs struggled with his pistol. How in the name of all the guardian

angels had he missed? Perfect peace possessed him, an exaltation of spirit supremely unphysical which, lazily analysing, he attributed to reaction from the blood lust which had overcome him.

Edwardes was coming towards the mounds now. The look of professional satisfaction with which he viewed the carnage changed to quick anxiety as he caught sight of Burroughs' prostrate figure.

"Thinks I'm hurt."

Burroughs smiled to himself as his mind jumped to the cause. He would speak and reassure him.

"Hullo, old man. Good scrap, wasn't it?"

But Edwardes did not answer. It was almost as if he had not heard. As he came nearer his look of distress deepened. He dropped on one knee beside his friend and placed a hand over his heart. Then he rose wearily, and his face had grown suddenly older. He turned to the orderlies behind him. He was speaking now, and with quick freezing horror, realization came to Burroughs that the Chinaman had not missed.

"Here, Man Sing," Edwardes was saying. "Send for the stretcher bearers, and you, Haste Thapa, tell the Subadar to take command of No. 1 troop. *Burroughs Sahib is dead!*"



MR. AND MRS. DONALD MACLEAN

Who were married in Oban Cathedral on September 1. Mr. Donald Maclean is the son of Major A. D. Maclean of Copperfield, Folkestone, and the late Mrs. Maclean. Mrs. Maclean was Miss Valerie Cooper, and is the only daughter of Major and Mrs. H. A. Cooper, Kinlochlaich, Appin



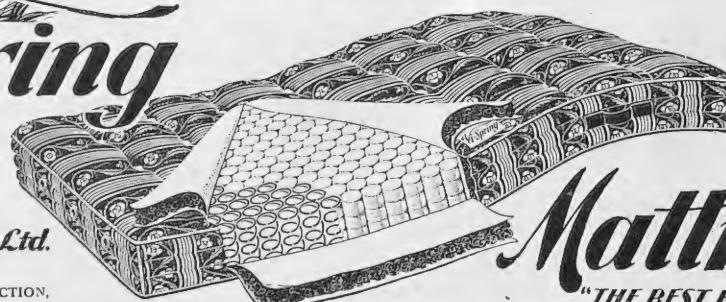
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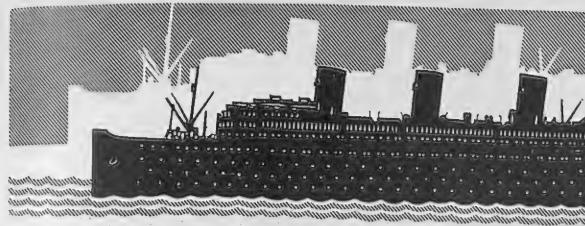
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## Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 462

of General von Wedell's five battalions which had attacked Trouville and lost seventy-two officers and 2,542 men out of a total strength of ninety-five officers and 4,546 men. They were tumbled into the ravine below Trouville, and it was only this gallant effort by the 1st Guard Dragoons, supplemented by one squadron of the 2nd, which saved disaster. This was the beginning of what Von Moltke has described as "the greatest cavalry combat of the war," and it was on the upland of Ville-sur-Yron that the cavalry masses of both sides came into collision. It was a hand-to-hand encounter of 5,000 horse, and though it declared itself eventually in favour of the Prussians there was not much in it on the big deal, and the same may be said of the whole battle, for though nominally it was a Prussian victory, after twelve hours' very bloody fighting the French were not routed, and the action had been merely a stepping-stone for that other, or rather those other, very sanguinary shows, Gravelotte-St. Privat. To find that someone who was in these historic combats was alive up to within only a few days ago somehow seems quaint, especially when one turns back to the story of these old battles and reads how difficult "information" then was, and realizes how different some results might have been if either side had had the benefit of even half-an-hour's aerial reconnaissance. Von Wedell's force, for instance, would not have been destroyed! However, all this chat may only interest anyone who is reading for his F.M.'s bâton!

\* \* \*

An "Old Etonian" in Melbourne, who was, of course, much elated at the result of this year's Eton and Harrow match, sends me a cutting from

a Melbourne paper recounting the adventures of one of the really clever at the Flemington 'chases in July. The story runs:

A bookmaker fielding in the paddock at Flemington on Saturday was robbed of £12 by a crook who had apparently been waiting for some months to get the opportunity. The bookmaker laid £10 to £2 about Bang Bang in the Footscray Steeplechase, and handed over a ticket numbered 257 to the man who made the wager with him. When Bang Bang had won, a joker, who was one of the first to get into line, presented a ticket No. 257 and was paid £12 by the change clerk. Just when all the bets had been paid out and operations were in full swing on the next race, a man presented ticket No. 257 for payment and demanded £12. A close scrutiny showed that this was the correct ticket, and in the circumstances the bookmaker had to pay out again. Then the bookmaker got busy, and a search of the tickets torn up near his stand revealed the trick that he had fallen to. The ticket No. 257 on which he first paid out was marked T over six instead of B over six, which was the series he was using at the time. On going home the bookmaker, who is very methodical, discovered that ticket No. 257 marked T over six was used four months previously at a Williamstown meeting.

He had hung around all that time until he heard a winning bet laid on No. 257. Such patience almost deserved to get a bit.

\* \* \*

All his friends, I feel sure, will deeply regret to learn of the death of Mr. Bob Craig McKerrow, who in England was very well known on the turf and in the coaching world, and also had a considerable amount of success when he took a string of horses out to India just before the War. He won the Cooch Behar Cup in Calcutta in 1912 with "Victo," The King Emperor's Cup in 1913 with "Little Slave," and he also won the Metropolitan Stakes with "Ute," and he carried on that year winning several races at the Bombay Meeting. Mr. McKerrow had been ill for some time past, and by his death we have all lost a very good friend and a good sportsman.



A NORTH BERWICK GROUP

Balmoral

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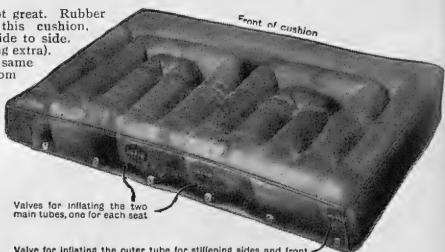
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## WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



MISS JOYCE OXFORD-SMITH

The only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Orford-Smith of Sloane Square, who is to marry Captain Thomas Wilfred Berry, M.C., in October

### Marrying To-day.

To-day (September 9), Mr. Douglas Davies Croisdale Kirk, of Penarth, is marrying Miss Anna Lilly Elisabeth Quensel, and the wedding takes place in Stockholm.

## <sup>\*</sup> Early Weddings

**M**r. H. Babington Hill and Miss Elizabeth Speake are being married on the 12th of this month at the Parish Church, Crawley,

Sussex; on the 14th Mr. Edmund Meyer van Moppes marries Miss Mary Lee Aldridge in London; and on the 19th there is the wedding of Mr. James Vere Richardson and Miss Esther Blethen Legge, which is to be at the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Haves, Kent.

### Abroad.

Mr. H. C. Rush of Hall Farm, Newmarket, and Miss R. V. Campbell of Hill House, Northrepps, Norwich, have fixed September 23 for their wedding at Davos Platz, Switzerland; on October 11, Captain Jeffrey Lambert, R.E., is marrying Miss Elizabeth Christine Fane in Athens.

### Recent Engagements.

Captain John Windham Meade, 43rd Light Infantry (Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry), of Earsham Hall, Norfolk, and Burrenwood, Co. Down, and Miss Grace Dorothy De Salis, second daughter of Mr. C. Fane De Salis, C.B., and Mrs. Fane De Salis; Captain William A. R. Ross, M.B., R.A.M.C., and Miss Radzi Evans, Q.A.I.M.N.S.; Mr. Allan Bellew Bourchier, the only son of Mrs. J. Beckett and the late Mr. Arthur Bourchier, and Miss Barbara Kathleen Lound, the only daughter of Mrs. Lound and the late Mr. Claude Lound of Purley; Dr. Theodore Stewart Goodwin, M.A., M.B., B.Ch., Camb., of the C.M.S. Hospital, Hangchow, China, and Teston Rectory, Maidstone, and Miss Sheelagh T. McLean, the only daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. W. McLean of Hollington Vicarage, Sussex; Flight-Lieutenant Brook, Royal Air Force, the son of Mr. W. F. Brook, F.R.C.S., and Mrs. Brook of Shire Combe, Parkmill, near Swansea, and Miss Jean Grant, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Allan J. Grant of Dore Moor House, near Sheffield; Mr. John Temple Crawford, N. Rhodesia Police Force, the younger son of the late Mr. R. O. Crawford and Mrs. Crawford, and Miss Rosalie Grace Cross, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Cross of Chisaruba, N. Rhodesia; Mr. Alan Milne Mackintosh of Singapore, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. John Hay Mackintosh, and Miss Amy Tyrrell Parkinson, elder daughter of the late Mr. H. F. C. Parkinson and of Mrs. Parkinson.



Halksworth Wheeler

MR. AND MRS. ORPWOOD

Who were married recently. Mr. Eric Seymour Orpwood, the Royal Berkshire Regiment, is the only son of the late Mr. George Orpwood and Mrs. Orpwood, and his wife was formerly Miss Thelma Gladys Stanbury, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Stanbury of Sandgate, Kent.



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## LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

One of the great advantages of an association like ours is that it links together people of the same hobby in far distant lands and gives us an interest in each other's lives and jobs. It is surprising the letters I receive from out-of-the-way places from people whose interest in dogs is kept going by reading of our members' dogs in these notes in THE TATLER, as this paper penetrates all over the world. These reflections are induced by a letter I have had sent me from our member, Miss McPherson, who is now working in the Military Hospital at Delhi, India, I know, is by no means out of the way, but Miss McPherson writes a most interesting letter. She is anxious to start a Ladies' Kennel Association in India. She says: "Women breeders are in the majority at every show, also in breeding, handling, and importing." She has done well with her wire terriers and sends a picture of her winner, whom she hopes to make a champion in September. The dogs are all sent to the hills this time of year, where Miss McPherson hopes to join them. As the thermometer in Delhi, when she wrote, was 125 in the shade, it is not odd she was looking forward to her leave. It must be the greatest boon under these circumstances to have a hobby to keep one going.



Ralph Robinson  
WEALDEN GAVIN  
The property of Miss Edgell



FOX TERRIER  
The property of Miss McPherson

The wire-haired dachshund has shown a steady growth in popularity ever since it first appeared at shows a few years ago. Before the War there were a few shown here and there, but they did not really take hold till comparatively recently. Now the classes for these are well filled and interest is growing. They are very attractive dogs. Miss Watts sends a picture of her good dog, Achsel. Achsel has done well, having won fourteen first prizes

of being trained by her personally. She also has some younger pups for sale. The picture is of one of her young dogs.

Miss Collier has some Scottish terrier pups for sale, healthy and well bred; also a miniature Scottish terrier bitch, suitable for a companion. The Scottish terrier requires no "boosting" — he is a gentleman of great character and personality, and everyone who has had anything to do with him swears by him.

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ACHSEL  
The property of Miss Theo Watts

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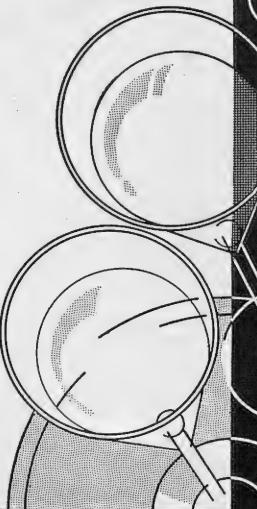
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By the Blowing Stone at Kingston Lisle. Report says that King Alfred used this to summon his troops. The very deep note, which is produced by blowing through a hole in the top, can be heard for many miles

## MOTOR NOTES AND NEWS

A large party of members of the House of Commons visited the new Ford Works at Dagenham recently at the invitation of John Mowlem and Co. Ltd., the contractors responsible for the construction of the Ford jetty. Among the visitors were: Mrs. Manning, Sir Burton Chadwick, Mr. Macquisten, Lieut.-Colonel Sir Assheton Pownall, Major McKenzie Wood, and Viscount Elmley. Mr. Somerville, the East Cricklewood member, proposing the continued success and prosperity of their hosts, Messrs. John Mowlem and Co., coupled with the name of Ford Motor Company, stated that the House of Commons realized fully what tremendous changes were being brought in the district through the efforts of the Urban District Council and the Ford organization. In ten years the population of Dagenham had increased from 9,000 to 90,000—an increase the rapidity and magnitude of which had thrown a heavy burden on the Council. Councillor H. C. Parry, J.P., who welcomed the visitors on behalf of the Dagenham U.D.C., said, in referring to Mr. Somerville's remarks, that much of the work accomplished would have been impossible without the aid of the House.

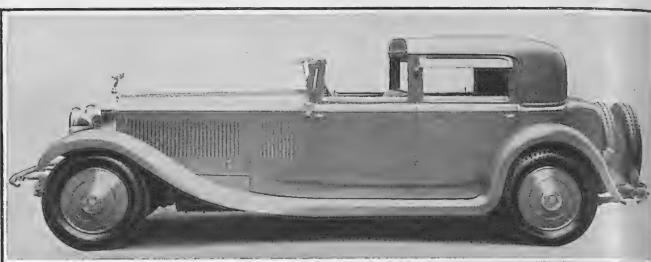
## PETROL VAPOUR—continued from p. 464

admit that they are faced with factors and influences that they had never thought of. But do they trail their coat-tails in the dust? Not a whit! They are going ahead with strength and determination. Statistics (which often lie, but they do not in this case) tell them that they have got the foreigner on the run. Let them go ahead as they are now doing, and they need not worry about the questions of their shareholders.

\* \* \*

Eddy-free.

I do not know to whom the credit should be given for the design of a saloon body which had not that peak-cap effect. For so many great firms have adopted it. I never liked that peak. It always produced a "cave of the winds," it always made me interpolate my wind-screen-wiper long before it should have been brought into action. But I have tried one of these new-type bodies, and I am bound to admit that they are absolutely sound in principle. Not only do they give a nicer line but they administer to our miserable conditions of to-day.



A SPECIAL BARKER SEDANCA DE VILLE ON A 40/50-H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE CHASSIS

Cellulosed in pale green, the head leather has been coloured to match painting. The interior is upholstered in pale green leather, and the instruments are white with chromium plated rims. The instrument board is green to match the car. In addition, all the ivory fittings have been dyed green, including steering wheel. Cabinet work to the interior is in Amboyna wood. There are polished louvre boards to the bonnet and scuttle. The line made by mud-guards and running boards is worthy of note. The usual Barker de Ville extension over the driving seat is fitted. Interior foot rests are a feature, with two extra seats and large locker. The division behind driver and the passengers drops in a manner not to interfere with the extra seats and locker

the passengers drops in a manner not to interfere with the extra seats and locker



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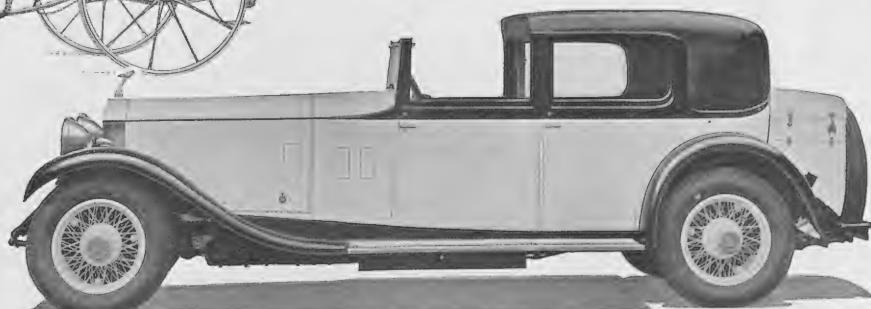
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A HOOPER ROLLS-ROYCE

**Air Eddies—continued from p. 442**

destroyers. The first pylon is off St. Helen's Point, Isle of Wight, the second on the foreshore at West Wittering, off the eastern entrance of Chichester Harbour, and the third on Ryde Middle, south-west of Lee-on-Solent. Each circuit is 31'07 miles. There will, therefore, be twenty-one corners to be taken by the machines in the race during the seven laps.

Navigability trials, which consist of taxiing and taking off and landing, immediately precede the race; so that each machine will taxi, take-off, land, taxi, take-off, and enter the speed course without any interval for refuelling or adjustments. It will be timed as it passes Ryde Pier. The world's speed record for 100 kilometres will be attempted concurrently with the race.

**The Machines and Men.**

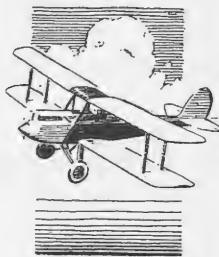
The present plan is that Great Britain should be represented by two Vickers Supermarine Rolls-Royce S6B (I apologize for the name, which creates almost as startling a new record in clumsiness as we hope the machine itself will do in speed. It is the official designation), and by one Supermarine Rolls-Royce S6A. Second-string machines are the two Supermarine Napier S5 and the two Gloster-Napier 6 types.

The three British pilots who will fly in the race will be selected just before the event. Squadron Leader Orlebar does not intend to fly himself in the race unless, for some unforeseen reason, such a course seems advisable.



AT THE EASTERN COUNTIES AERO CLUB

A group of well-known personalities: Mr. J. Oliver, the club instructor, on the left, and then Mr. H. R. Jolly, the hon. secretary, Mr. H. C. Brand, Mr. J. Howie, and Flight-Lieutenant Russell of the Redwing Aircraft, Ltd. The machine in the back-ground is a Redwing, which has side-by-side seating



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BYFLEET . . . SURREY

By the time these notes appear the Italian and French machines and pilots will have been announced, or it will be known for certain if they have decided to withdraw. Fiat and Bernard seaplanes have been spoken of as being the most likely starters.

**Where to See the Race.**

The race is timed to start, weather permitting, at 12.30 p.m. In addition to the special enclosure on South Parade Pier at Portsmouth there are five special enclosures at Portsmouth ranging in price from 1s.

to 7s. 6d. Reserved places on the South Parade Pier may be had for 5s. or £1 1s. There will be Royal Aero Club official car parks for visiting motor-cars, and the Portsmouth Municipal Aerodrome will be available for visiting aircraft. This aerodrome is at Hilssea, and is within about fifteen minutes from the front by car.

Hamble Aerodrome, though less convenient, will also be available, and all along the Isle of Wight coast, as well as at Southsea and West Wittering, there will be enclosures for spectators. At West Wittering, where there is a turning point, the charge is £2 2s. per car. The racing sea-planes come over the land at this point, so that it should be one of the most popular. The Piccadilly Circus Garage is arranging this park.

For those who go to the Isle of Wight there will be Cowes aerodrome, and special services of boats which will go on until the zero hour decided upon by the Admiralty, when all shipping in the Solent will cease to move.

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"My! I've never seen you so clean and smooth looking!"

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PORTUGAL: AT THE FRENCH COLONIAL EXHIBITION

A part of the wonderful Exposition Coloniale which has attracted and fascinated the whole world and has been carried out with quite characteristic French thoroughness. The Portugal section is a fair example of how things have been carried out all through

On Saturday, August 15, the new Luxury Cabin Liner, *Champlain*, of the French Line, was launched from Penhoet shipyard at St. Nazaire. This steamer, similar to, but larger than, the famous French Line "Cabin" liner *Lafayette* is of 28,000 tons displacement, and will, indeed, as far as her accommodation is concerned, be an improved *Lafayette*, for everything that can be devised for the convenience and comfort of the "Cabin" and "Tourist Class" passengers has been thought of. A special feature of the ship will be the huge and unencumbered sun deck, for, just as on the *Île de France* and the *Lafayette*, all the ventilating plant and deck-hamper have been arranged for on the boat-deck and therefore out of the way of the passengers. Another feature is the extremely wide and lengthy promenade deck. Another interesting feature will be the scheme to throw quite clear of the ship every possibility of fumes and smuts blowing down on to the decks. The steamer

## Notes From Here and There

will have one huge stream-like funnel with an entirely new idea in the way of battle plates for throwing the fumes forcibly upwards and clear of the ship. The design of this ship gives a speed approaching that of an express mail steamer. She does not, however, follow the *Lafayette* in engine design, the motive power being steam. As regards the safety of the vessel, security from under-water damage or collision is obtained by a complete system of water-tight compartments, which enable any point of the hull to be isolated, while fire is guarded against by numerous powerful fire jets capable of being directed on any spot of the vessel.



THE PIER, LAUSANNE-OUCHY

A beautiful impression of a part only of this fascinating spot, the Lausanne-Ouchy Plage. Sun-bathing and other kinds of bathing and all the amenities that go to make a first-class rest place what it should be are to be had



AT ESTORIL: THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER AND THE GERMAN MINISTER

The new casino at Estoril (Portugal) which was opened recently is an amazingly beautiful building on the most modern lines. The Duke and Duchess of Westminster, the Portuguese Prime Minister, the German Minister and others were amongst those who were at the opening dinner

Interesting developments in the production of books are taking place in Essex Street, Strand, behind an attractive "front" designed by Mr. Macdonald Gill, where the new firm of publishers, Ivor Nicholson and Watson, Ltd., have started business with new ideas and important financial backing. Mr. Ivor Nicholson, C.B.E., chairman and managing-director, says they do not mean merely to wait for authors to submit manuscripts, but to get in touch with leaders of thought in every part of the world, and intend to instigate the writing of new books on subjects that they think will be of special interest—in short, creators of books, not a passive publishing organization.

### A Correction.

On p. 450 of this issue, owing to a slip, Prince Alvaro de Bourbon-Orléans, who is engaged to the Infanta Beatriz, was wrongly given the name of his brother, Prince Alfonso de Bourbon-Orléans. Both the Princes were recently staying at Mount Stewart.



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—Victim of Self Poisoning

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Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder,

for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.



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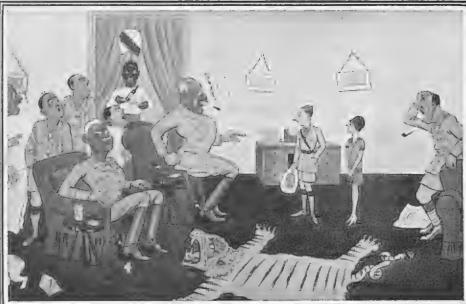
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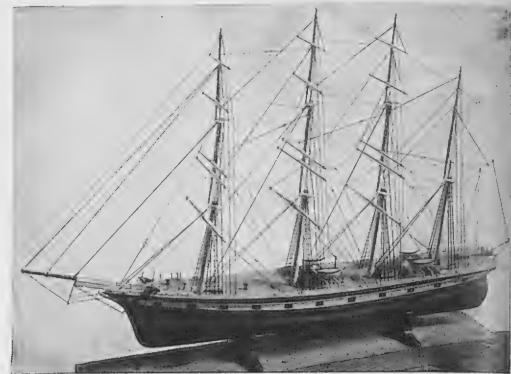
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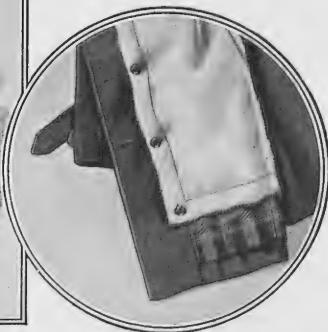
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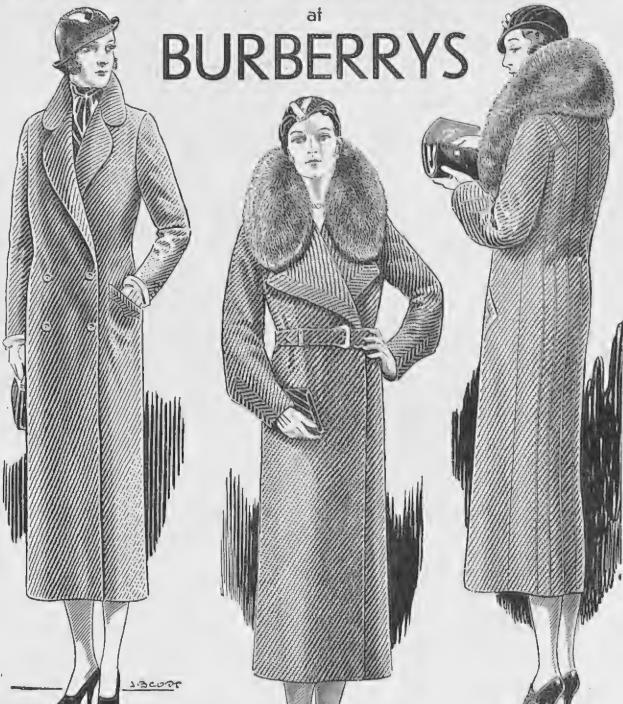
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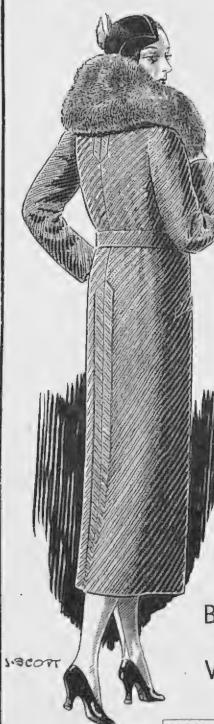
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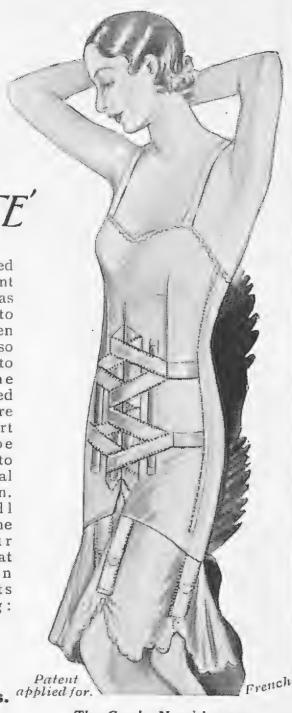
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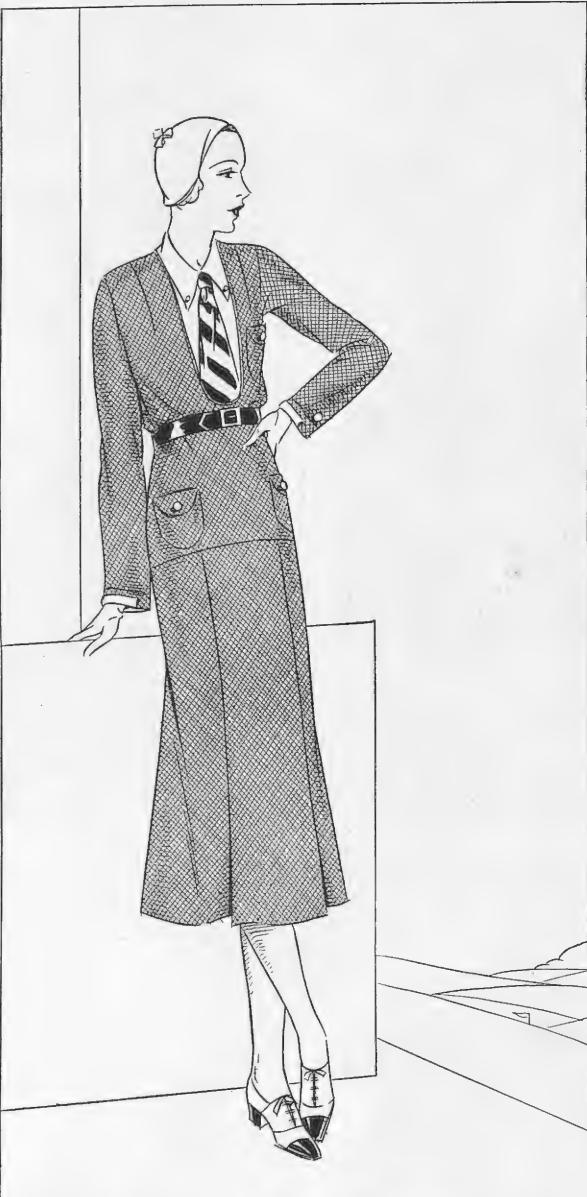
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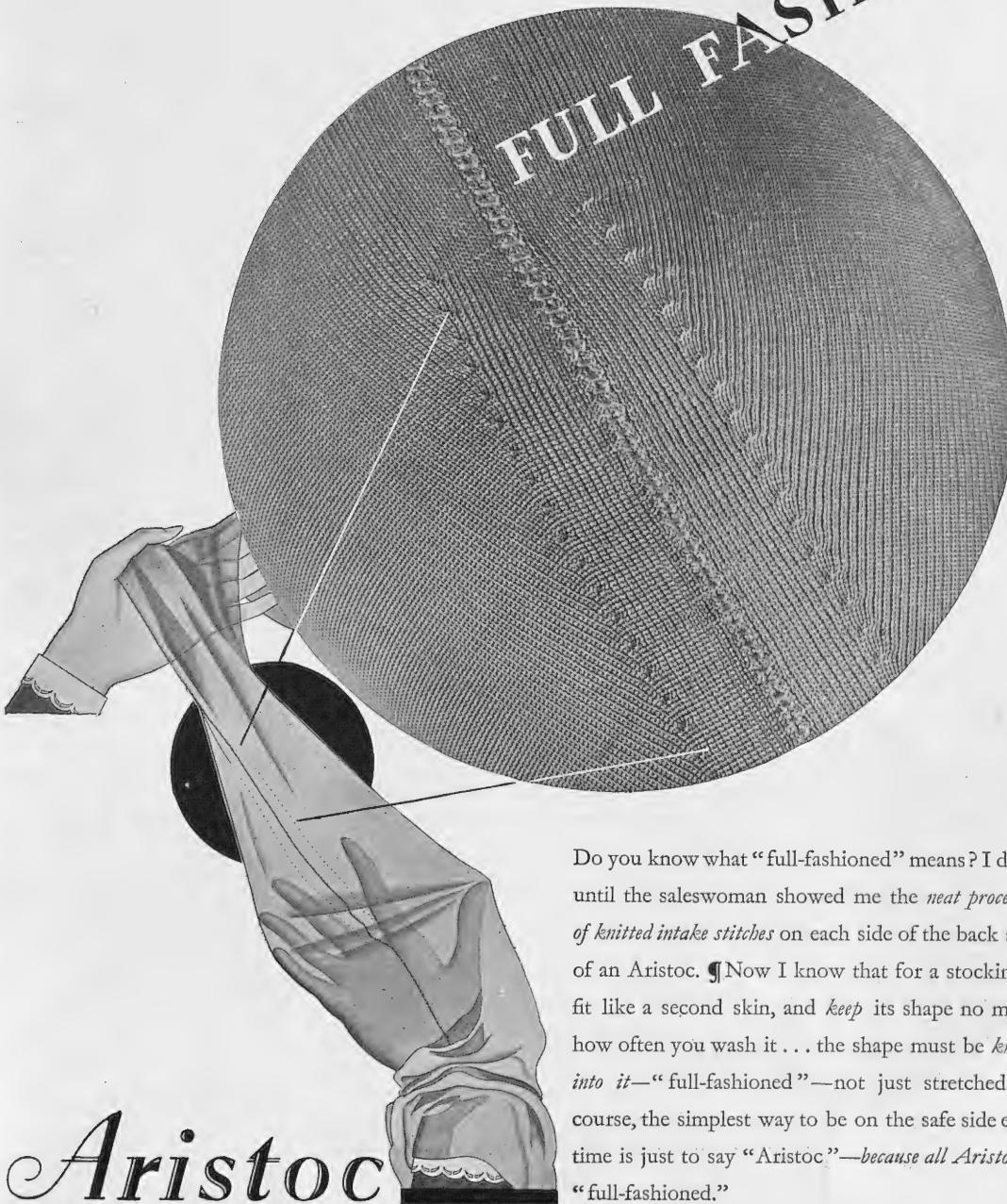
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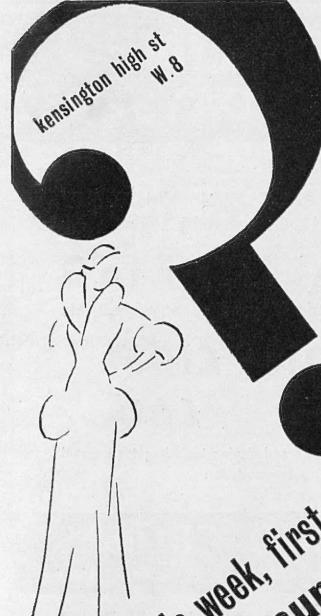
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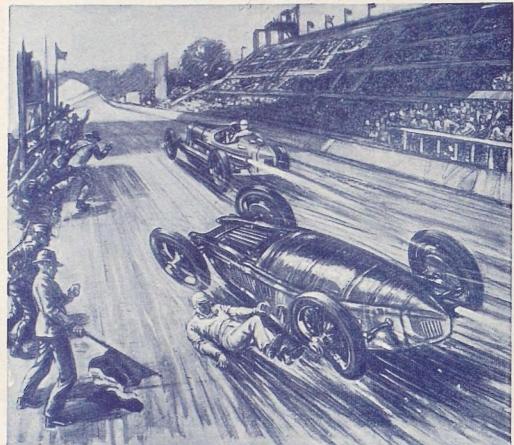
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Better be sure than embarrassed.

In these days it is so easy to do the wrong thing in Dress. Madge Garland, the woman editor, gives pages of timely sound advice on dress for the Autumn.



Eric Muspratt, the author of "My South Sea Island," writes "STOWAWAY." He writes: "This is my first real-life story since my book." "STOWAWAY" is fact. His fellow passengers on the "Rawalpindi" will confirm it. It is a gripping story.

Charles Graves in "THE F.S.D. OF HIGH LIFE" takes you behind the scenes in the big hotels and clubs of London. You may think the prices are high, but when you have read this account and seen the men who matter, you will know there's a good reason why.

THESE ARE BUT A FEW OF THE "HIGH SPOTS" IN THE SEPTEMBER

**BRITANNIA AND EVE**  
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